

THE COLLEGIAN

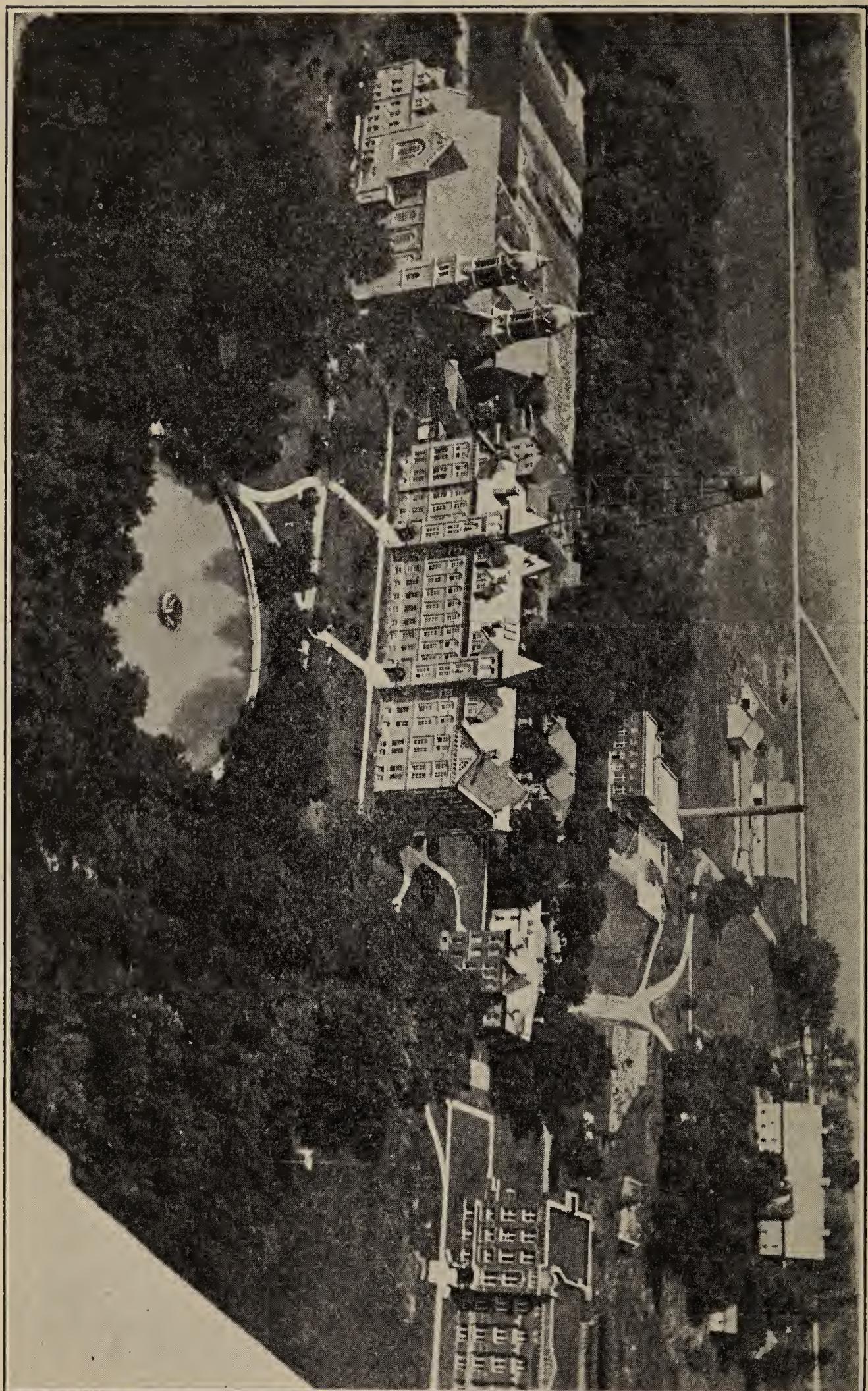
St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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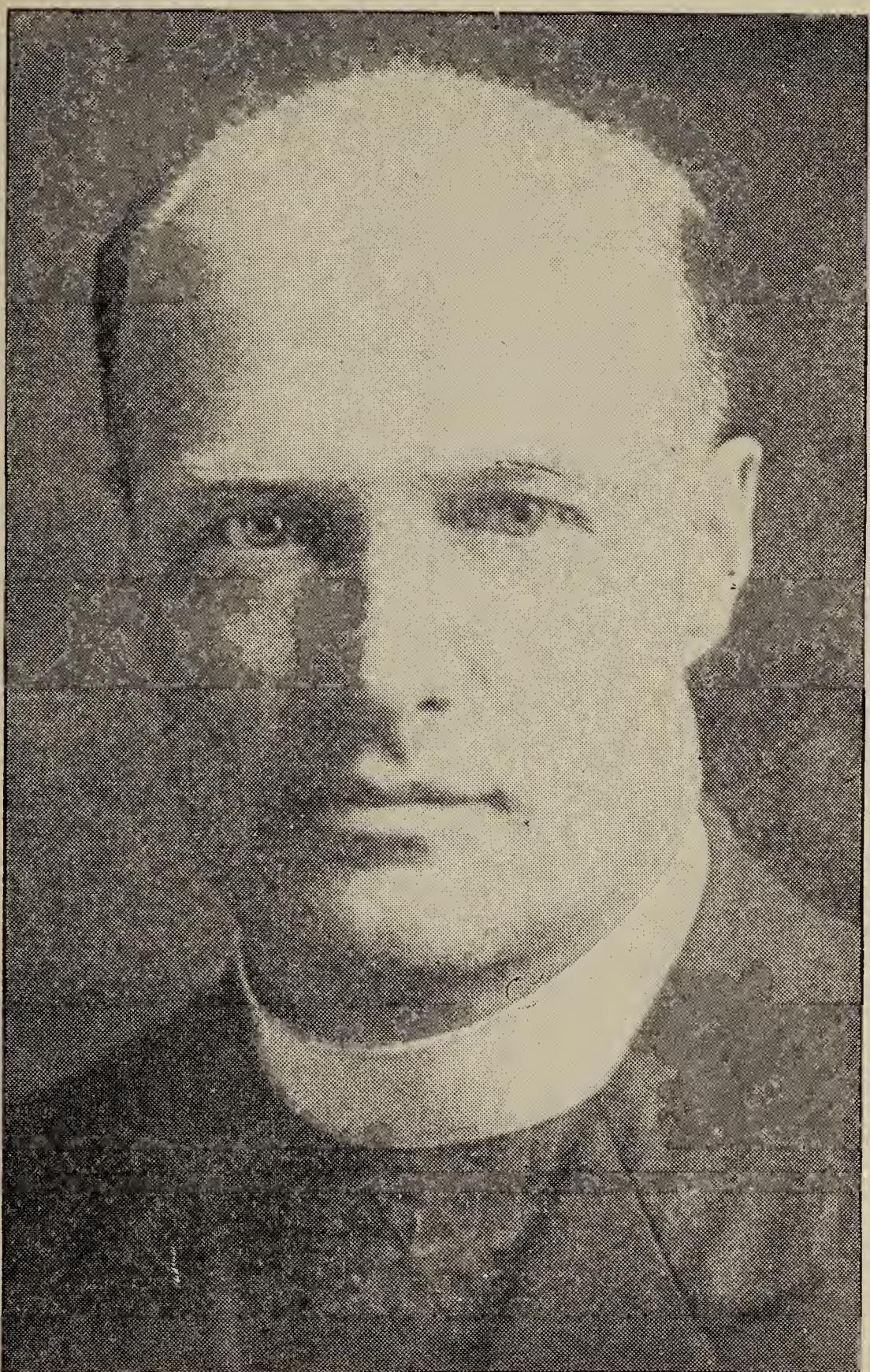
Dedication

To the Rev. Albin J. Scheidler, C.P.P.S., we, the Graduating Class of 1931, with grateful hearts, dedicate this the final issue of the Collegian for the present school year. We offer it, Father, as a slight manifestation of the esteem and reverence which we hold for you. May it in some degree redound to the honor and respect which you have merited for yourself by your conscientious and devoted efforts in behalf of your Alma Mater.

Because of the time-exacting nature of your position as Procurator of the College, our hours spent with you in the classroom have been few, but from your priestly and fatherly example we have formed an estimate of your character which reflects only honor and dignity upon your name.

In future years as those endearing memories of our Alma Mater and the activities of our student days enter again into our minds, we cannot help but associate with them the many scenic beauties which have made St. Joseph's a truly attractive spot. It is then, dear Father, that the thought of you and of the many hours of unselfish labor which you have spent in beautifying the grounds will be more deeply impressed upon us. Even now, as we glance back over the few short years spent here with you, many noteworthy improvements align themselves before us. Unsightly spots have given way to decorative shrubberies and beautiful flower gardens, and everything reflects the work of a hand skilled in landscape artistry. Likewise in every other undertaking your thoroughness and steadfastness of purpose has been such that it might well be imitated by all.

May this token of our esteem manifest in some small degree the appreciation which we feel for the kindnesses and favors which you have shown to us during our years as students here at St. Joseph's.



Rev. Albin J. Scheidler, C. PP. S.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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NO. 9

VALEDICTORY

Quite dignified, in somber gowns attired,
The graduates of Nineteen Thirty-One
With ardor to exploit the world are fired
Now that the guerdon of success they've won.
No more for them the classroom's mere debate
Will be the chief employment of the day;
More weighty problems now they meditate,
For worthy deeds and honors they essay.

Oh, see those black-robed youths as there they stand
With eager hearts awaiting their great prize!
But once diplomas are in every hand,
Their spirits lag; for well they realize
That in the wide world they must separate
And singly each will have to strive with fate.

Robert Nieset '32

THE TIGER WOMAN—TAMED**Alumni Essay Contest****First Prize****Kenneth Hurlow**

Students of literature take an inquiring interest in Shakespearian plays; for, any student realizes that boundless treasures of profound thought and wholesome pleasure are hidden in these rare dramas. Especially the study of Shakespeare's characters, since they reflect his concept of life and human nature, is most interesting. In "Macbeth," Shakespeare's masterpiece, is found an unlimited field for character study. Lady Macbeth is one outstanding character in this stirring tragedy, and as such is worthy of particular notice.

Lady Macbeth is a real woman. No one can deny that her character displays a woman commanding in appearance and majestic in bearing. Her individuality is revealed especially by her settled temperament, which characterizes her rash and unconquerable will. Her will is doubly charged with a keen, wiry, matter-of-fact discernment, which assists her in combating her own and her husband's frailties. While ambition is Lady Macbeth's controlling passion; its object is not herself alone. It is true there is a passage which states that she is "burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen," but there are ten others to disqualify this statement. It is genuine love which moves Lady Macbeth to ambition. Mere ambition without true love could never excite in her such a tiger-like courage, which is the striking quality of her feminine character.

From Lady Macbeth's first appearance in the play, it is readily seen that she will manifest a tigerish boldness, which is dauntless. At reading her

husband's letter, "—Who all hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with, 'Hail king that shalt be'!" Lady Macbeth is inflamed with undying ambition that Macbeth, her husband, shall become king. She is at first frightened at the thought of her own weakness. In her vexation, she summons the demons of hell to seal her mind and heart against all human fears and pangs of remorse, for she is willing to sacrifice all those feminities cherished by a woman's heart, if only the man she loves may become king. Deliberately she resolves upon her course of attack and springs into action with glaring eyes of determination and snapping teeth of doom for her husband's rival. "The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlement."

Had Lady Macbeth not aroused Macbeth's latent ambitions for the diadem and encouraged him to kill the king, it is not probable that he would have murdered Duncan on his own initiative. It was due to his idealizing and philosophizing character that Lady Macbeth saw the necessity for her to take directive measures in making preparation for the "night's great business," if she wished to establish her husband in the right to kingship. Her conduct plainly shows that she never lost herself in rapture of meditation, for in all her ideas of power, kingship, and royal supremacy she is drastically objective. Macbeth could not see murder as justifiable means even to a great end, but through his wife's tigerish antagonism he consented to commit a crime, to him evidently repulsive.

When the time for perpetrating the murder draws near, the grit in Macbeth's vacillating character runs unexpectedly low. It is here that Lady

Macbeth's tiger spirit quivers with glowering ferocity. She turns on her husband in fiery mood and, with a quickening fury of satiric phrases, she savagely springs upon him, "From this time such I account thy love," in almost hysterical anger at his irresolution. She forces her scheme to claw at his heart by a sudden appeal to his manhood; an appeal that proves fully effective for her cause. Macbeth has a true but egotistic love for his wife, consequently he can not bear to be called a coward by her whom he loves. Lady Macbeth's ambition is so arduous and her tiger spirit so furious that she scorns every obstacle which would tend to obstruct her path. She has discovered by her intuition that Macbeth's sensitive self-pride is the only access she has to his inmost soul. Thus, by putting him to shame, she can succeed in making him supreme over his weak nature in the hour of treachery.

While Macbeth is in Duncan's chamber accomplishing his wife's traitorous plot, Lady Macbeth is reaching the apex of her tigerism. The stimulant wine, "which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold," has failed to steady her mind and nerves; her physical strength has reached exhaustion. She cannot trust her senses; she is distracted by every sound, "It was the owl that shrieked." Even her mind begins to cloud, and she doubts whether Macbeth has done the deed. If he has failed, all is lost, for "the attempt, and not the deed," confounds them. Lady Macbeth assures herself that he could not fail, for she had all but done the deed herself. She realizes that her determined will is slipping from her, and she makes one last effort to summon back her fast expiring courage. She must meet Macbeth when he returns from the "business" and distract him from the thought of his act. "These deeds must not be

thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad." Her fancied fortitude collapses into nothing, leaving her in dismay, a prey to guilty fears and remorse of conscience.

At the disclosure of the brutal murder, Lady Macbeth's tiger spirit begins to fail. She attempts to cover up her reeling mental derangement by a woman's weapons—haughtiness and indignation. Tigerly she demands an explanation for the "sleepers of the house" being roused by "such a hideous trumpet." Presently she is informed that Duncan has been murdered. In her simulated surprise, she exclaims "And in our house!" However, Banquo, who has formed his own opinion of the murder, gives her a curt, stabbing reply, "Too cruel anywhere." Lady Macbeth persistently strives to control her tiger will and iron nerves against such caustic sarcasm, but Macbeth, the man for whom she had undergone all, breaks the tiger in her. To hear her husband describe his feigned rage in butchering the grooms on whom circumstantial evidence was evidently resting, and to see the picture he paints of Duncan in his blood is too much for her. She realizes now that one murder is not the end, but just an incentive to other crimes that Macbeth would be forced to commit. The hitherto depressed feminities explode in her brain, and in despair she faints, "Help me hence, ho!"

There is scarcely anyone who does not feel a tinge of sympathy for Lady Macbeth when she makes her final appearance in the drama. Ambition, love—those ideals for which she strove, have turned into sorrow and regret. Ambition, which made Lady Macbeth a tiger in spirit, is now her mental destruction; those two hearts, which were bound as one by the sweet things of love are severed never to be joined again. What cruel anguish must torture

the mind and heart of one who has scorned nature and all thoughts of a future life to fulfill the demands of ambition. How much more keen is the anguish of one, who like Lady Macbeth, has even lost the love of him for whom she sacrificed her all. In fear and remorse, Lady Macbeth's raving mind forces her to somnambulate and re-enact the ghastly scenes of murder. Hopelessly she washes her hands, "Yet here's a spot." She cannot purify the stains of blood which have burnt their marks upon her imagination. In utter despair she cries, "Here's the smell o' blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!" and the Tiger Woman vanishes. "To bed, to bed" are her last words; then gloomily follows the announcement of her death. It is believed that she died by her own hand, but the circumstances of her death are not detailed.

FAREWELL TO ALMA MATER

The pleasant dreams of night have vanished now;
The skies are bright with morning's mellow rays
That feign would stir sweet joy within my heart
And urge me to delight in this fair day.
But in a neighboring tree a turtle dove
In cadence sad awakes a lonely mood
That draws the lines of worry on my brow
At thought of parting from a life grown dear.

Oh Alma Mater, 'tis from thee I part,
Though gladly would I spend my future years
Within thy halls and with my teachers kind;
But I must go at beck of fortune's wheel
That now has come full round and indicates
The time to say with heavy heart, "Farewell."

Joseph F. Szaniszlo '31

SIGRID UNDSET AND THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH**Alumni Essay Contest****Second Prize****Raphael H. Gross**

Sigrid Undset, the new name in Scandinavian literature, has replenished the delightful stream of rich, calm, and majestic epical productions which flows out of the saga-wreathed lands of Ibsen, Bjornson, Jacobsen, Strindberg, Hansum, and Lagerlof. During the war, she alone of all northern authors seems to have been undaunted by the depressing atmosphere around her, and to have had the ambition and courage to create works of enduring fame. Her genius reached the very summit of Norse epic power and glamor, and ultimately won for her the 1928 Nobel Prize for literature.

In the writings of all nations there is found much about the past, but most of the material offered is weakened by over-objectivity of presentation. Authors fail to transform themselves into the environment and viewpoint of their heroes. It is precisely in this respect that Madame Undset excels. As she turns back the pages of history, she becomes flesh of the middle ages, blood of its blood.

Having spent eighteen years in profound study and in accumulating a surprising fund of knowledge, she produced her masterpiece, "Kristin Lavransdatter"—perhaps the greatest work of its kind in all the literature of Scandinavia. With it "she became," says Hans Olav, "a landmark in Norwegian and Scandinavian literature, a wonderful rejuvenation of the Saga. She ploughed and sowed and harvested a period of Norwegian history that before her was a wilderness. Hers is the honor of having discovered both its beauty and its misery, its joy and its pain."

On the vast background of life in Catholic me-

dieval Norway, she has painted her huge trilogy, "Kristin Lavransdatter." It is not a story; it is life. According to Mr. Shuster's outline, the plot is briefly this: Kristin, the lovely daughter of Lavrans, a man in whom the sturdiest characteristics of his race and Faith are incarnate, is destined to be the bride of Simon. She detests his lethargic character, and after an attempt at convent life, falls violently in love with a romantic knight, Erlend, whom she insists upon marrying despite parental opposition. Her wish is gratified. Erlend takes her to his estate at Husaby where everything is in an unstable and chaotic condition. Here their love and passion gradually cool off, with resulting estrangement. Erlend is not an evil, dissolute, or fastidious man—he has the stalwart, martial traits of his ancestors, the Vikings. It is Kristin's fate that she should "hurt them most whom she loves deepest." As life progresses, neither is able to forget the days of sin and youthful indiscretion, nor to bear the consequences, already apparent, from a disregard of the moral law. Angered by Kristin's continual fault-finding and critical attitude, Erlend conducts himself in such a way as to reveal his role in a plot to dethrone the king. Simon, the rejected fiance, comes to the rescue, but husband and wife are even further estranged. Kristin leaves Husaby and goes back to the estate which she has inherited, Erlend follows, is driven away, but returns to die while defending his wife against a mob. What remains of her life Kristin dedicates to expiation, thus ending her story with a sorrowful, though loftily mystical sacrifice.

The plot is not limited, however, by these characters only; it broadens out and becomes co-extensive with the entire life of the time. It is Cath-

olicism of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—its strength, its weakness, its mysticism—that Madame Undset presents. Her work fluctuates between human passion and divine religion. The familiarity and the companionship of man and woman, together with their relations to God, is the sum total of the plot. Seemingly (if not actually) the Old Testament is her norm, for she is relentless and drastic in her judgment. To her, misdeeds and sufferings, crime and retribution, are inseparable. Yet in this attitude, she is true to herself, to nature, and to humanity. Truth is the essence of her books; the setting accidental.

That she has committed herself with the utmost confidence to truth is the cause of her increasing greatness. Her picture of the Church in medieval Norway is convincing, and, instinctively one feels, correct. The glory and the splendor and the significance of the Church in the middle-ages is moulded (page after page) into the very soul of her purpose and into the graces of her art. Deep in the hearts of people are rooted the religious teachings of the Faith, and there is not one activity from which the priests of the Church are excluded. They are always present. Through the realistic eye of the author one sees the flourishing cloisters, shrines, and cathedrals of the land, resplendent in their stately architecture, lavished with delicate decorations—the temporal possessions and power of the Church. The ban of the Church is viewed with awe.

Not only is the material splendor of the Church stressed; its spiritual and mystical wealth is even more deeply enshrined in the hearts of the people than its worldly glory. Constantly, such things as cattle, ancestral jewels, costly silverware, and valuable property are offered in atonement for sins and

as stipends for Masses for the dead; obligatory, as well as self-inflicted, fasts, penances, and pilgrimages are made. The lives of men like Lavrans, Gunnulf, or Sira Eiliv particularly emphasize these practices, as also do the magnificent celebrations in honor of the saints; or the pilgrims in rough sackcloth, who wander miles to obtain their former peace of conscience and to gain the remittance of punishments due to their sins. This theme of sin, repentance, and atonement, with all its accompanying calmness and satisfaction, is best exemplified in Kristin. For her, in all her burden of sin and guilt, in all her frailties and strivings for the attainment of greater faith and spiritual vigor, the only balm consists in the doctrines of the Faith; her only refuge, the Church. Repeatedly, the God-fearing representatives of Christ lift her up out of her sins, her pride, and her despair. The solstice of the Church's glory is reached in Kristin's last days in the Rein Cloister. There are seen the sheltering folds of the Church's wings, her love for souls, and her consolation.

Above all, the universal character of the medieval Church is definitely conspicuous, grand and soothing, as when Olav finds in a foreign nation identically the same Mass, the same chants, the same prayers, as those in his homeland: "Thus he listens in silent meditation to the only voice which, in this far distant country, speaks a language which he understands. The voice of the Church is the same to which he listened in his youth and in his manhood; She has been speaking to him in the Holy Mass ever since he was a little boy. He knows well that if he should travel to the far ends of the Christian world he will find, without doubt, a strange tongue and unfamiliar customs, but he knows too that he will find a Church in Whose arms he may rest secure,

and Who will offer him with largess the same Sacra-
ments with which She always nourished him." These
scenes, familiar to Catholics, may be a revelation
to all others who behold them.

Closely contrasted to this imposing panorama
of the grandeur of the medieval Church, is another
picture—unpleasant, scandalous, and at times sordid
—which could not escape the truthful realism of Sig-
rid Undset. She does not shrink from mentioning
the facts, and that without apology or explanation.
It is in facts that she puts her trust, and in them
she finds her vindication. The fourteenth century
is shown in its semi-barbaric and lawless mood. If
crime was frequent, so was repentance. For indeed,
the Church had not as yet overcome the gross in-
fluences of the Dark Ages. The medieval Refuge of
Sinners found herself confronted with the terrible
and wearisome task of replacing barbarism by the
blessings of civilization—she was still fighting to
win this race.

In her struggle between flesh and flame, the
destiny of past and contemporary men is universally
and tragically revealed. One has but to eliminate
that "other" love which draws the soul towards God,
and the powers of darkness will have full sway. To
break the bonds of Dionysius was the mission of the
Church, and Sigrid Undset clearly describes how the
mighty battle ended victoriously for the benefit of
mankind. In this undertaking she is shockingly
frank, for she holds to the truth at any price. A
great debt of gratitude is due her for her interpreta-
tion of the soul, at once beautiful and ugly, of a
Norway that once was Catholic.

TO '31

I wandered through the realm of dreams
Where Somnus nods his weary head:
A book I saw of mighty themes
In which no mortal ere had read.

I scanned the deeds of you, my friends;
Of you who part from me today:
Of you, whose joy with sorrow blends,
Since you must enter Life's hard fray.

I saw you battle 'gainst great odds;
I saw you fight with all your might;
I saw you writhe beneath the rods
Of Life that punished with delight.

I saw you break through thick and thin;
I saw you strive with steely will;
I saw you lose; I saw you win,
I saw you dare Life's threat with skill.

I saw you rise to heights of fame;
I saw your glory spreading wide;
I saw the greatness of your name,
The source of all your manly pride.

When I had read this writing grand,
I asked the sprite to show no more;
But left the still Hypnian strand
To meet Life's troubles as of yore.

Herman J. Schnurr '32

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

D. M. U. Prize Story

Patricia Ann was another Helen of Troy with the exception that Pat, as she was lovingly called by her host of admirers, lived in the twentieth century. She also caused wars, but they were between individuals rather than nations. But nobody could blame the individuals. Pat had a personality that made her little world spin on its head. New Orleans loved Pat more than Pat loved New Orleans if that were possible. Her big, black eyes and slim graceful body were everywhere, in the morning on a horse, or on the tennis court, or at the golf course; in the afternoon at a bridge, or a tea, or something else to while away the time.

But it was the evening that Pat loved, for it was in the dark hours of the night that Pat was boss, and there was nothing she liked better than having her own way. And besides, she was the sole star for three ambitious young gentlemen, each of whom only waited for her to say yes. But Pat was not ready; she wanted to play a little longer, she wanted to enjoy life. After all she was only twenty with most of her life before her.

It was the last week of Lent and for some reason or other Pat decided to attend the sorrowful services of Holy Week. It would be the first time since grammar school that she had followed the Lord to Calvary—for her college days had been spent at a fashionable non-sectarian school—and Pat decided that it was about time she was showing the Lord that she still loved Him.

The glorious Mass of Holy Thursday was over and by most people forgotten. Except for a short visit to the repository about dusk, Pat had remained

at home the entire afternoon. About two o'clock one of the "slaves" called for a date, but Pat refused, saying that she didn't feel like having a date. Somehow the solemnity and stillness of the great Cathedral had cast a pall over her spirits that she couldn't dispel.

Friday morning found her back in her pew at the Cathedral to go with Christ to Calvary. There was something strange about it all to Pat. The cold somber candles, the black garments of the priests, the sorrowful chant of the choir all helped to make Pat feel sad and dejected. "Ecce Lignum Crucis" chanted the celebrant from the now sad, cold altar. Something went through Pat that she had never felt before. "Behold the Wood of the Cross!" Why had she never thought of that before? Had she ever even considered the holy Victim that hung on that cross for her?

That afternoon Pat called on the vicar at the Cathedral rectory. She was worried. Something had come over her that she couldn't explain. She didn't want to give in. Why, what would Dad say? What would Bob or Dan or Tom think? She really liked them all, but they couldn't possibly help her now.

When Patricia Carter left the rectory an hour or so later she wasn't sure whether she had accomplished anything or not. In fact she was inclined to think she had not. The vicar's words had been in accord with her inner nature, and she hadn't wanted that. She had wanted him to tell her that it was all a foolish fancy, that she was only a child as yet, but no, he didn't seem to think that way at all.

Pat arrived at the Cathedral on Saturday just as the organ and the bells announced the glad tidings of the Gloria. The pure Easter lilies sending out their glad message from the altar; the sparkling white

robes of the priest all spoke of the risen Saviour. Pat quietly slipped into the family pew, little noticing all the splendor around her, for her spirit was anything but in accord with the joyous message which the entire building bespoke, for she had discovered in the last three days that she had to face a problem that she didn't want to face. A problem that made her sad even when thinking of it. But somehow, this morning things seemed brighter. The same vicar who had spoken to her so bluntly yesterday afternoon was now intoning the Magnificat, and as Pat stood with bowed head, she seemed to realize just where she stood.

At noon, after a lengthy consultation with her father, Pat got busy on the telephone. She had to put this thing over in great style for it was to be her last big fling. A half dozen couples were called within a short time and they were all told a secret.

"Tonight at seven," chirped Pat, "Dad is giving me my announcement party, and it just won't be complete without you."

"Why Pat!" invariably would come the reply, "who is getting the lucky break?"

"I am," would answer Pat with a merry laugh. "Don't forget, I'll see you at seven."

Immediately after lunch Pat started out in her roadster. She had an important appointment to keep before her announcement party would be a success, and that was to see if the bridegroom would accept. On her way Pat again stopped at the Cathedral to say a short prayer to the risen Saviour to accept her cause, and to take her for His own. And then on she went to a quieter part of the town where she remained for the greater part of the afternoon, arriving home just in time to dress for her little party.

When the guests were gathered around the ele-

gant dinner table that evening, there was an empty chair at the foot of the table, opposite Pat. Many were the questions asked about the expected guest, but Pat would only smile, with that smile, that made all about her feel as if they were missing something when they were out of her presence. When the coffee was finally served, a sudden stillness came over the gay little group, for there, under the cup was a beautiful silver heart telling the little secret that they were all so anxious to find out:

"Patricia Ann Carter will become the spouse of Jesus Christ on the first of May at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy."

There were no congratulations now. No merry laughter ran through the great dining room. The little heart had stunned them. They were angry that Pat should be so foolish. Surely it was a joke! But Pat's expression and her father's gaze soon left no doubt that it was all a stern reality.

And thus did Pat's Holy Week end. It had indeed been a time of revelation, not only for herself but for her friends as well.

A hot sun streamed down from a cloudless sky, a sky that was Mississippi's own, on the cotton fields and swamps that were nothing but a breeding place for mosquitoes and malaria. The heat was almost unbearable. The odor and unsanitary conditions were worse.

Into such a climate had come Sister Dolorosa, whom no one would now recognize as the erstwhile Miss Patricia Carter. Indeed it was quite a comedown for Pat, but in coming down she had risen far above herself. In fact she had lost herself entirely for the sake of Christ. Yes, she believed that Christ had come for her little pickaninnies as well

as she herself, and so she had given up all—yes all, even an occasional visit from her father—to bring her black children to Christ.

The care of the little black orphans under the most favorable circumstances would have been a loathsome task, but to reject all conveniences of life; to forget not only the world outside, but even the world inside; who would have ever thought that the Pat, who loved the world so much, would ever come to this? But who called her? It was Christ Who, when she asked—"To Be or Not to Be"—answered "To Be—For My Sake."

John T. Spalding '31

ENIGMA

The world is bright, and all is gay,
For this is graduation day.
A pleasant smile on every face
Salutes all those who've won the race,
Yet I am sad while I delight
To cheer those who have reached the height
Of all that was their cherished aim
As life no more will be the same.

They've toiled, I know, to reach their goal;
For them I cheer within my soul.
But when I see them now depart,
'Tis I, who feel that stinging dart,
Which makes my sorrow rise anew
While to my friends I bid "Adieu."

Gilbert Wirtz '32

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
—Coleridge.

THAT EVIL—UNEMPLOYMENT**Oratory Contest****First Prize Oration**

It is a bitter, cold evening. Jim Smith with wearied feet and sickened heart trudges homeward along the hard, merciless pavements, leading to the filth-choked tenement district in one of our larger cities. Reluctantly he opens the door to his dingy, little one-room camouflage home, a place that is supposed to roof the most sacred institution ever designed by the Creator, "The Family." He is not greeted with sunshine, laughter, and joyous voices. Instead, the cries of his famished children fall upon the same ears that heard so many times in months past the words, "No men wanted, move on." One of the little thinly-clad tots runs up to him crying, "Daddy, I'm cold and hungry."

His wife, the uncomplaining help-mate in all his troubles, is trying in vain to soothe her undernourished baby back to sleep. Jim Smith shudders at the sight before him, his little family starving and freezing to death before his very eyes. With tears making furrows down his weather-beaten cheeks, with despair written upon his entire countenance, in a broken voice he says, "No luck again today, and they say there is no work in sight."

It seems almost unbelievable that the incident just related could really happen in this rich and glorious country of ours—with its thousands of acres of virgin soil yet to feel the touch of the plow; with its granaries overflowing with golden wheat; with its orchards producing abundant fruit; with its warehouses packed with food; with its great coal producing mines; with the pockets of our capitalists stuffed with gold. Yet, my friends, the American

Federation of Labor reports that there are 4,500,000 such families who are unable to sustain life under present conditions. From statistics recently compiled by the American Legion there are 6,270,000 unemployed men in the United States, most of them fathers of large families, pounding the pavements in our cities and towns today seeking not doles but labor.

In an investigation, made by the Chicago Commons, of fifty-five married couples, in an effort to appraise the damage done to them by unemployment, it was found that the fifty-five families had suffered from 380 months of unemployment, with a wage loss of \$34,200. Ever since unemployment overtook them the young fathers have struggled night and day to work out their livelihood. When normally they should have been building sound foundations for American Family Life, they were compelled to move to cheaper homes, to deny themselves and their families proper food, clothing, and medical attention. Only when all means were exhausted did they turn to charity.

Undoubtedly many of you have seen able-bodied men between the ages of twenty-five and forty, men in the very prime of life, selling newspapers on the streets of our cities for a few paltry pennies in order that they might keep body and soul together. You have seen world war veterans, men who fought and shed their blood in order that this country might live, begging the people who pass to buy an apple. And yet our government, which is of the people, by the people, and for the people, sits idly by, contenting itself with the optimistic fancy that business is picking up, while citizens are starving. Something must be done, they say, and the soup kitchen and bread line have been found as an easy way out. For

many political leaders and organizations this would-be charity offers an efficient means of publicity; for business concerns it affords inexpensive advertising.

The law of nature, the fundamental law of existence or of self-preservation, the law of bread and butter, forces a man to accept any scheme in order to live. The following article was taken from one of our daily newspapers;—

Rushville, Ind., Feb. 20.—Accompanied by 35 cents, the following advertisement was mailed to a daily newspaper here; WANTED —A master. White, able-bodied man, willing to work, will sell himself into slavery for his keep. I have to eat. State best price.—C. A. Stearns, Osgood, Ind.

Oh! the evil of unemployment! That a man, a citizen of these United States, by far the richest country in the world, should have to sell himself into slavery for a livelihood; to sell his liberty, his freedom, which is guaranteed to every citizen by our constitution seems unbelievable. In what direction are we going? Is this glorious country of ours to be plunged into that disgrace of human slavery which Abraham Lincoln toiled so long and so hard to abolish? Is slavery to come creeping back upon us through the medium of unemployment? Forbid it, Almighty God!

Many indeed have been the causes given for unemployment: unrestricted immigration, overpopulation, unpaid war debts, stock market crash, unequal distribution of the country's wealth, uncurtailed mass production—.

But why should I go on enumerating the many causes for unemployment when we are concerned not with the cause but with the remedy, the solution of

the problem. Any feasible remedy for unemployment would be a priceless gift to humanity—but can lasting prosperity be found in that slip-shod form of optimism which goes on shouting day after day that our business is on the upward march and that good times are just around the corner, and that if we only spend all we have, all will be well? No! such a plan is put forward by capricious business agents in order to squeeze the last cent from a starving people. Dr. John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin stated recently that manufacturers do not want unemployment stopped, but continued!

If our national government is unable to solve the problem of unemployment and our capitalists will not attempt to solve it, shall we want to adopt revolutionary measures, overturn our present order and go, for instance, to Communism? No! Where then can a remedy be found? To whom can we turn for help? Only in Christ and His principles can a solution be found. Unless Christ and Christ's principles of Charity, of true brotherly love will enter into the hearts of men we can never hope to find a lasting remedy for the evil of unemployment which like a giant devilfish is holding in its iron grasp the prosperity of our country and the future happiness of its citizens. Christ Himself assured us of His help when He said, "Come unto Me all ye who labor, and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

Lawrence T. Grothouse. '31

Real knowledge, like everything else of the highest value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for,—studied for,—thought for,—and more than all, it must be prayed for.

—Thomas Arnold

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

Collegeville, Indiana.

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Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

THE STAFF

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COLLEGIAN STAFF—'30-'31

Left to right, Front row:—C. Kruczek, T. Rieman, R. Joubert, C. Kern, B. Szemetko, J. Sheeran; Second Row:—J. Elliott, G. La Noue, L. Gowney, J. Spalding, T. Clayton; Third Row:—R. Gross, E. Binsfeld, J. Herod, L. Cross; Fourth Row:—R. Bihn, R. Boker, J. Szaniszlo; Fifth Row:—U. Hoorman, W. Abramson, B. Shenk.





UT PROSIMUS

With the coming of June, the mind of the college man naturally centers upon the thought of Graduation and the many ceremonials attending it. Long established custom has endowed the graduate with the privilege of wearing the graduate's robes, the selecting of a class pennant, class flower, and motto. To him these duties seem almost sacred, and so it is that the Graduating Class of 1931 has chosen as its motto, UT PROSIMUS—"That we may be useful."

To the unimaginative person, to the person who fails to grasp their deeper meaning, these words offer little that will awaken noble ideals and aspirations in the heart, but to the thoughtful person they suggest a plan for both spiritual and temporal welfare. Being useful before God and man entails the fulfillment of one's religious duties as well as the practice of fraternal charity; in a word, the useful person must be the possessor of a truly exemplary character—a character of leadership which will be the means of helping others from the quagmire of vice into the joys of a peaceful conscience. Such a character will become a source of happiness for all with whom he, who possesses it, comes into contact, and, in giving assistance to his fellow man, he merits for himself those rewards which are the direct result of a truly noble life.

The memory of caps and gowns, class pennants, and class flowers, may sink into oblivion, but the meaning and significance of the motto, UT PROSI-

MUS, should be indelibly engraved upon the heart of every graduate, no matter what future years may bring to him. To that person especially who has set as his goal the holy priesthood, this motto is a formula by which he may work out his own destiny and aid in making the path of his fellow men less rugged. UT PROSIMUS.

As the work on the final issue of the Collegian for 1930-1931 draws to a close, we, the members of the staff, somewhat regretfully bid farewell to a task which for us has proved to be an engaging diversion. While the work has been found to be somewhat engrossing at times, still we feel that the experiences gained greatly outweigh any circumstances that may have detracted from its total enjoyment. Looking back over the months, already dimly shrouded in time, we recall with a feeling somewhat of relief, how, as tyros in the field of journalism, we faced the undertaking with the bold resolve to do all within our power to uphold the standards set in former years, and to make the Collegian a journal of which the Alumni and students of St. Joseph's might well be proud. To what extent this aspiration has been gratified can best be learned from our subscribers and faithful supporters who share, in no small way, any success which we may have achieved. In passing, we bid a reluctant farewell to our many friends; and especially to the Faculty Director, Father M. B. Koester, do we tender our sincerest regards. We face the future with a smile knowing that the work of publishing the Collegian is being placed into able and willing hands. To you, the newly chosen staff for 1931-1932, we say farewell, and may your work be as pleasant and

beneficial as it has proved to be to us, the staff of 1930-1931. Farewell!

The Collegian extends heartiest congratulations to the Very Rev. Augustine Seifert, C.P.P.S., upon the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Father Seifert was rector of St. Joseph's College at Collegeville, Indiana, for twenty years.

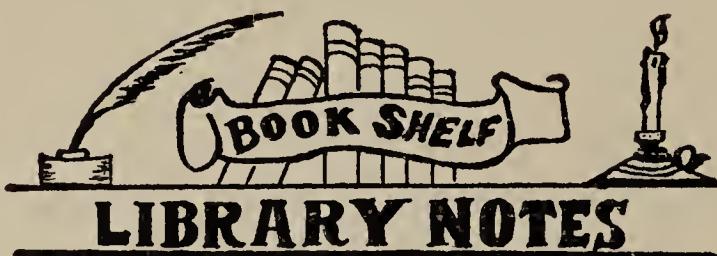
Ad Multos Annos!



A final glance at the large number of delightful exchanges that have given the Collegian staff and the students at St. Joseph's in general much pleasure during the past school year shows clearly that there is great worth in school journalism. Old friends in whose company time never seemed long or draggy are such as the AQUINAS, AURORA, BAY LEAF, AMBROSIAN, DOVE, The St. Vincent's COLLEGE JOURNAL, ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER. In all of these publications we have found much brilliant work and real entertainment, together with valuable instructions. It is with much envy that we read the quarterlies from Loyola, New Rochelle, and Trinity. We envy these journals because we would feel proud to achieve the standard which they have attained. Besides there is a large number of exchanges to whom we cannot give the appreciation which they richly deserve in this "last say of ours." We would have them, one and all, remember, however, that

they have been interesting and sincerely welcomed visitors to our sanctum. There was much good in all of them, and in particular much good for us.

Whatever our exchanges have had to say about us has been taken in good part. That they have displayed more kindness towards us than we deserve is clearly evident; but we feel that they meant to deal encouragingly with us, and for this friendliness we are fully thankful. May the efforts put forth by the writers in all of our exchanges prove beneficial to them equally as well as they were beneficial to us, and may each of our present exchanges put in its appearance again in our sanctum when school opens in the fall of '31.



THE RUSSIAN DEBACLE

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE, by Edmund A. Walsh, S. J.

Father Walsh has horrors to disclose of the blackest event of modern times—the Russian Revolution of 1917, when the unspeakable Rasputin made Tzarina Alexandra an innocent victim of his machinations; when Lenin, “the flaming torch that fired the Russian masses, sought to fire the world;” when the last Tzar of All the Russias and his Imperial family perished in the hideous massacre of Ekaterinburg; when his house, descended from Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, Alexander III, and Paul the

Crowned Madman, fell to the challenge of the Bolsheviks. The ascendancy of Lenin, Stalin, and Trotsky, the exit of Kerensky, the Russian Gapayoo (secret police), the distressing condition of the oppressed serfs and peasants, are curious matters on which Father Walsh's pen eloquently dwells. There is historical interpretation and objectiveness, but the emphasis is placed almost entirely on the high lights of the Revolution, making the work a superb condensation of a complex subject. This history of the "triumph of folly in Russia" is written with such a store of dramatic incident, such a flourish of brilliant narrative, that the most thrilling novel suffers in comparison. Russia is the great enigma of today and her history should be known. Father Walsh, a highly educated Jesuit, and former director of the Papal Mission Relief (1922-1924), spent seven years in materializing his work, so there can be no doubt as to his qualifications.

PÝATILETKA

THE LAST STAND: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE SOVIET FIVE-YEAR PLAN, by Edmund A. Walsh, S. J.

Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible, who choose to substitute what Alexis the Tzarevitch, Peter's son, called "poor imitations of Parisians and Berlinese" for stagnant Orientalism, were the first to attempt violent reformations of Russian life and culture. After the successful overthrow of the Romanovs, Lenin and Stalin, reviving these methods, have made destructive use of Marxian Communism and Hegelian atheism, but for an altogether different view: "To communize the world, or destroy it!" Just as the New Economic Policy of 1921 was

intended to conceal Lenin's failures at establishing communism, so the Five-Year Plan was originated to cover Stalin's defeats of the past four years. It is a grandiose "reorganization and a concentration of effort designed to advance Russia with dizzying speed to a degree of industrial perfection and self-sufficiency that would first assure the Soviet State economic independence then advance it to industrial preeminence, and finally, by an easy evolution, to political mastery of the world—It regiments life from the cradle to the grave with the sole view of increasing economic productivity; it ranges in its purview from gigantic dams, factories, power plants, and dairies down to the last red herring and sunflower seed." The Bolsheviks are expending \$43,-000,000,000 on this bold venture.

The effects of Communistic propaganda and religious and moral corruption is appalling, as is likewise their usage of American capital and talent. But for Father Walsh, in interpreting the Plan, the international phase is most significant. "If ever," he writes, "cool heads were needed at the helms of ships of state, it is the present hour." It is not yet discernable whether the Plan will succeed, right now "the scales would seem to hang about even." Father Walsh warns the American people not to dismiss the Russian plan of collectivization too lightly, for whether or not the battles of Moscow will be fought on the sidewalks of New York depends on the result of this "last stand," and the "final stand of an embattled army does not always mean catastrophe."

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every Grin, so merry, draws one out.

—John Wolcott.



SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Again the Columbian Literary Society has attained to the heights of dramatic success in the presentation of the five-act drama "Pizarro." As Pizarro, Clarence Rable, cruel-visaged, dark eyes snapping with hatred and revenge, dominated his followers with an iron hand; his mere wish was a command, his spoken word a decree. His very appearance filled the audience with a chill of horror, so well did he carry out his villainous role. Possessed of a remarkably deep voice he used it to the fullest advantage; his dress bespoke his dignity, and his cool manner of procedure his ease.

Alonzo, in the person of John Byrne, was a pleasure to the eyes of the audience. His upright character, his love, his friendship, his suffering were a part of him. Not a word, not a move but what he put his heart and soul into it, surrendering himself to his role. On the occasion of his capture in the camp of Pizarro his dramatic attitude was at its best. In appearance and delivery he was the picture of a character virtuous and brave, in a word, a true hero. Charles Maloney, in the role of Rolla, was one of the most outstanding characters in the play. He also was thoroughly given over to his part. His heart and soul were in his words, living, speaking and enacting the story. His portrayal of loyalty and friendship, his undaunted courage, and finally his death were such as commanded the sympathy and

admiration of his audience. His honorable carriage and impressive speech were greatly enhanced by his actions; a character loved and respected by all.

Lawrence Ernst, Pizarro's protege, carried his role in a commendable style. Aloys Phillips was a swaggering conquistador, his actions belying the greed of his service. Howard Hoover displayed not the least compunction in his brutal assault on the Peruvian Cacique. Leo Lemkuhl showed unmitigating enmity towards his foes. Robert Nieset, an officer, unrelenting in his cruelty, was an able follower of a leader such as Pizarro. John Lefko, chief counsellor and spokesman of the officers, commanded obedience from his subordinates.

Harry Connelly, a Spanish priest, impressed the soldiers with a fear that quaked them when his gentle nature gave way to anger because of the wanton fierceness of the Spanish soldiery. Fred Schroeder, Alonzo's son, did full justice to his role. With the same unflinching courage of his father he faced the tyrannous Pizarro defying the torments that were his lot. King of the Peruvians, Urban Iffert presented the picture of a loving and loyal monarch caring for his people.

Vincent Mallifski, Cacique, startled the audience by his Peruvian regalia, but his acting soon won their praise. Joseph Otte was commendable in his role of the blindman, so genuinely portrayed that he excited the pity of the on-lookers. Small but great when it comes to dramatics, Timothy Doody was exceedingly good in his role. Vincent Parr, Peruvian warrior chieftain, was first in all maneuvers.

Colorful in their uniforms, and precise in their military actions, Thomas Harris, Frank Novak, Alexander Leiker, Adam Frankovich, and Arthur Kuhl-

man, presented the appearance of the carefree bravado of the soldiers of adventurous Spain. Savage in dress but kind of heart, Timothy Downey, Robert Sorg, Herman Schnurr, Joseph Forwith, played and looked the part of Peruvian warriors.

The direction of the play under Fr. I. Rapp was carried out in detail with much effort and care on his part.

At the present time the cast of "The Merchant of Venice," is busily engaged in rehearsals. Several years ago some members of the present cast put on a modernized version of the play, and now their zeal to make the classic version a still greater success is unbounded.

NEWMAN CLUB

With a flourish the Newmans concluded their work preparatory to their entry into the ranks of the Columbian Literary Society. A banquet was held on May 20, as the most fitting means of celebrating their successes for the past year. The banquet, together with their other undertakings, gives cause for pleasant memories.

The Newmans have contributed two outstanding dramatic productions for the enjoyment of local audiences, namely "His Father's Son," and "Town Property." May their coming in the C. L. S. prove a worthy addition to this grand old society.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In the course of the May meeting, the Dwenger Mission Unit brought to a close its activities in the mission field for the coming several months. Many projects were developed and successfully completed by the Dwengerites. More than ever have they

boosted mission enthusiasm, and proudly claim the largest enrollment of members in the ranks of the C. S. M. C. at St. Joseph's.

The Rev. Cyrille Knue, moderator, has more than once commented on the splendid cooperation of the members in their work. The Unit has been successful in its endeavors largely because of the able moderator, Father Knue.

The Annual Short Story Contest, sponsored by the D. M. U., has as its winner, John Spalding. Thomas Clayton, and Robert Nieset, respectively were awarded second and third place. To James Quinn goes the honor of submitting the best story from the lower study-hall.

Joseph Otte, Norman Koller, Lawrence and Fred Ernst are the proposed delegates to the National Crusade Convention to be held at Buffalo.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

There are two lines from Carrie Jacobs Bond's "A Perfect Day" which may be aptly used in this final issue, the resume of the Collegian for '30-'31:

Do you turn from your work with a smile?

Do you feel that it's all worth the while?—

Indeed the Music Department may justly feel that all has been thoroughly worth while. With a senior choir that has successfully employed a wide selection of masses and hymns in its weekly performances; a junior choir that has been unusually active during the past year even to such a degree as to sing Vespers harmoniously and devoutly; with an orchestra that has presented remarkable renditions of famous masterpieces at the public programs of the Literary Societies throughout the year, and which shone especially brilliant at the musicale in the spring;

with a band that has delighted the student body with its weekly concerts during the past quarter and has added to many programs with its selections 'between acts;—with such organizations as these and with such results as these organizations have produced, the Music Department may justly claim that it has reached the climax of success.

At the Conroy Oratory Contest, on the evening of May 14, several members of the Music Department added glory to themselves and credit to their teacher. Among the numbers rendered was an eight hand specialty "Hungarian Concert Polka," played by Delbert Welch, Charles Scheidler, Raphael Gross and Alex Leiker; a violin solo, "Souvenir De Luebeck," rendered by Henry Bucher; a piano solo, "Schubert's Impromptu," rendered by Fred Follmar; not to mention several numbers sung by St. Joe's popular quartet, composed of Fred Cardinali, John Byrne, James Conroy, and Donald De Mars.

Commencement will prove a busy time for the band and orchestra. The former will give its annual concert at four o'clock on the afternoon before graduation, and the latter will be in evidence at "The Merchant of Venice" in the evening and at the closing exercises on the following morning.

An organ recital, such as may well be anticipated with pleasure has been scheduled for Monday afternoon at two o'clock. The complete program of this recital follows:

| | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|-----------|
| Offertoire de St. Cecile | ----- | Batiste |
| A Day in Yesteryear | ----- | Tonner |
| | John Spalding | |
| Meditation | ----- | Frysinger |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Prelude in B Flat | Bach |
| Bela Szemetko | |
| Fanfare | Lemens |
| Allegro Movement from Water Music | |
| Suite | Handel |
| Cletus Bihn | |
| Flight of the Bumble-Bee | Rimsky-Korsakow |
| Concert Pedal Study | Yon |
| Prof. Paul Tonner | |
| | J. T. S. |



ALUMNI NOTES

ALUMNI DAY

"My extremest means lie all unlocked to your occasions."—(Merchant of Venice).

Words equally as warm in welcome were spoken to every Alumnus by his Alma Mater, St. Joseph's College, on the recent celebration of Alumni Day.

On May 19th and 20th, every resource of St. Joe's was uncovered to afford a delightful time to the Homecoming Alumni—the boys of yesteryear.

The weather of Indiana, concerning which it can be said that "none but itself could be its parallel," prevented the usual band concert which was to take place at four o'clock p. m. on the 19th. Rain, continual rain; but it dampened no spirits. At eight o'clock p. m., in Alumni Hall, the C. L. S. presented "Pizarro"—a drama in five acts. The play was thoroughly enjoyed.

Next morning at eight o'clock a. m., a solemn High Mass was sung for the spiritual benefit of the deceased Alumni. The Rev. D. Lawrence Monahan officiated as celebrant, the Rev. Joseph A. Hession as deacon and the Rev. Carl J. Holsinger as subdeacon.

At ten a. m. the annual epic battle of the Alumni versus Varsity baseball game was staged. Rightly or not, the Alumni claim to have won the game by a deciding score of 2 to 1. Probably the most interesting happening of the game was the impact of a foul ball with the callipygian portion of the physique belonging to the Alumni Historian. The customary amount of wrangling and oratorical misbehavior was evident in the lively disputes of both teams with the umpires. These Alumni Day games can always be depended upon to furnish an abundance of excitement.

As the clock struck twelve-thirty p. m., some 120 Alumni seated themselves at the annual banquet, after which the business affairs of the Alumni Association were discussed. Mr. F. J. Diefenbach was elected president of the association for the ensuing term. Mr. Bryan W. Dolan, Mr. C. J. Fecher and Mr. J. Henry Hipskind were chosen to assist him as first vice-president, second vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively. The Rev. M. B. Koester is again Historian. On the Executive Committee are the Rev. John A. McCarthy and the Rev. Clifford J. Reed. Comprising the Auditing Committee are the Messrs. Ferdinand J. Kuentzel, Edward H. Ernst, and Edward C. Purcell. As judges for the Alumni Essay Contest, the Rev. Robert E. Gorman, the Rev. Hilary R. Weger and the Rev. Julian H. Voskuhl, C.P.P.S., were elected.

After the meeting was adjourned, the Alumni departed, leaving the halls and walks of St. Joe as they had left them during years before, a prey to the whims and vagaries of a younger generation.

Alumni—St. Joe boys grown to manhood—you know you're always welcome, especially so on Alumni Day. We sincerely hope that you enjoyed yourselves while here, and we expect you to come again.

On April 29th and May 1st, Bernard O'Neill, '27, bearing the leading role of the play, "In the Next Room," charmed his hushed and crowded audiences, that had assembled in the Roi-Davis Auditorium, Toledo, Ohio. The play was presented by the Toledo Theatre Guild of which "Bernie" is a member. Just another product of our course in dramatics.

Warren Schwantes, former member of the class of '31, surprised St. Joe's and his one-time classmates with a brief visit on May 9th and the 10th.

And now—goodby, Alumni; farewell,—my beloved portfolio on the Collegian Staff. Onward,—change, progress, is the command of speeding time, and I must not linger. Farewell!



The thirty-sixth Annual Commencement exercises at St. Joseph's College will open on Monday, June the eighth, with an organ recital played by Prof. Paul Tonner and the local student organists, Cletus Bihn, John Spalding, and Bela Szemetko. At four

o'clock in the afternoon, the College Band, under the baton of Professor Tonner, will start its final concert for the enjoyment of visitors from far and near.

For the entertainment of the guests, the Columbian Literary Society has chosen the best of its members to stage the "Merchant of Venice." Before the rising of the curtain for the first act, Thomas Rieman, as salutatorian, in the name of the Faculty and Graduating Class, will officially welcome the visitors to Collegeville.

The direction of the exercises on Tuesday morning, June the ninth, will be under the supervision of The Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S. Alumni Hall is expected to reverberate with much applause when the Rev. Felix T. Seroczynski of Elkhart, Indiana, delivers the Baccalaureate address. Diplomas and medals will be awarded by The Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

After the Class of '31 bids farewell to St. Joseph's in the person of its valedictorian, John Spalding, and after the last strains of the college hymn die away, the general hustle of the student body will be a sure sign that "school is out" and that vacation days are a reality.

On Ascension evening, May 14, the annual Conroy Oratory Contest was held in the local auditorium. Since the Senior Class had displayed excellent talent in the various dramatic clubs, much was expected from its representatives. To the credit of the orators it can be said that they over-reached the expectations of their listeners.

Father I. J. Rapp acting as chairman, introduced the contestants in the following order: Lawrence Grothouse, Stephen Tatar, Joseph Szaniszlo, Bela Szemetko, Thomas Clayton, John Spalding, Rouleau Joubert, and Leonard Cross.

Judges were chosen from the fifth and sixth expression classes. The first prize, the Conroy Oratory Medal, was awarded to Lawrence Grothouse. His oration was entitled "That Evil—Unemployment." "The Citizen's Guiding Light" by Rouleau Joubert, and "The Appeal of Catholicism" by Leonard Cross, broke even for second place. The latter two contestants will each receive five dollars in gold as their prize. Regardless of the worth of speakers, music with its added charms is always a welcome addition to a program. For this reason several musical numbers were played by members of the music department.

Immediately after the contest, the members of the Senior Class, together with the Very Rev. Rector and professors of the class repaired to the dining hall for the traditional banquet. The spirit that prevailed at the fete was in perfect harmony with the humorous qualities of the toastmaster, James Elliott.

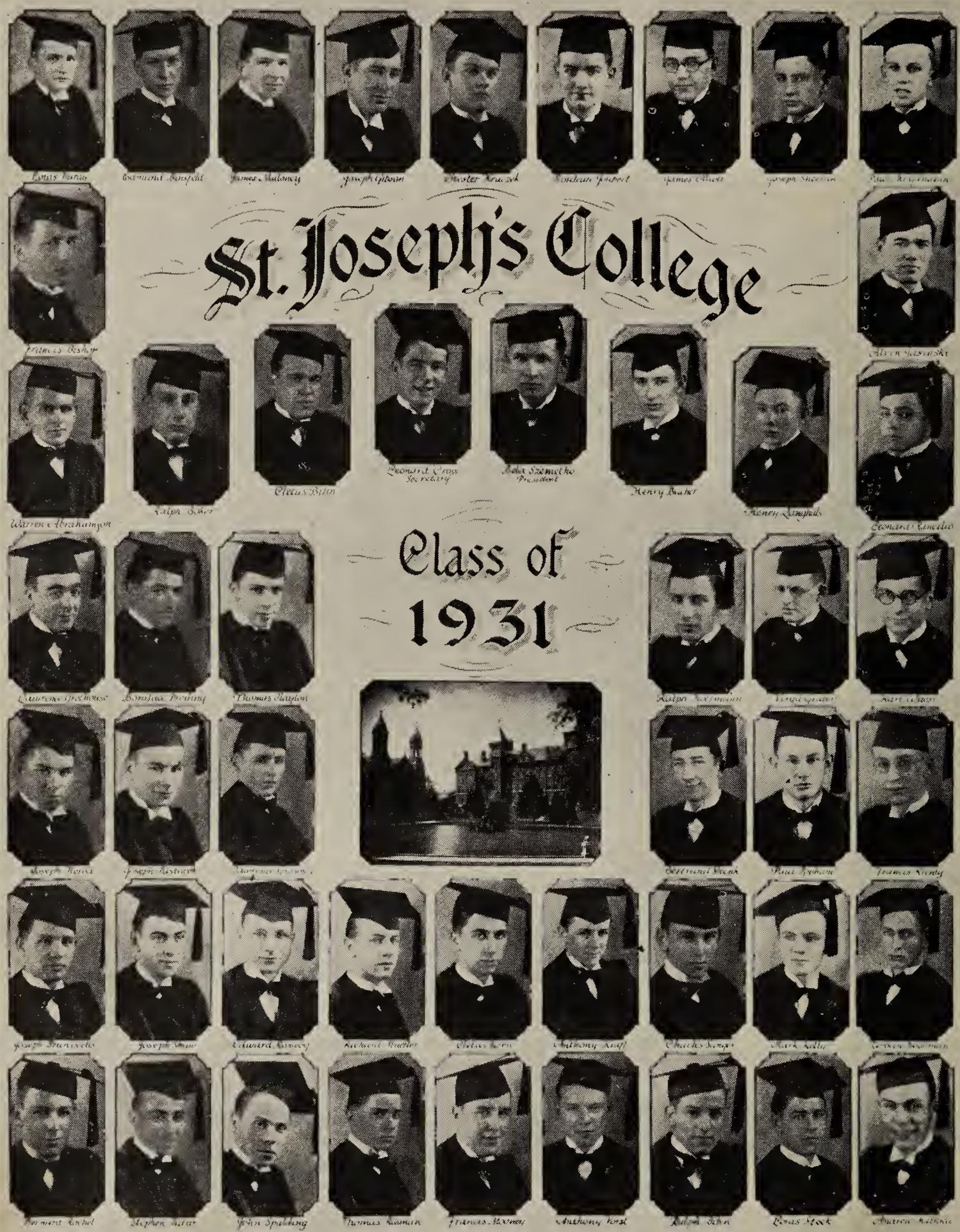
And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

—Lowell

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—Longfellow.



The Dumas Art Studio, Gary, Indiana

THE CLASS OF 1931

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Class Motto ----- | Ut Prosimus |
| Class Colors ----- | Blue and Gold |
| Class Flower ----- | Golden Rose |

Warren C. Abrahamson "Abie" Racine, Wisconsin

Hobby: Asking Questions

Abie began studies at Collegeville in the fall of '26. After a sojourn of a few months, he began to scale the wall of fame. The welfare of the class was always his greatest interest, and the class perceiving his intellectual acumen elected him vice-president for the year 1927. His frankness and unbiased opinions won for him the laurel of critic in the Newman Club. Next was the C. L. S. to which "Abie" stuck as a faithful member until the end. In the D. M. U., he always had a tender heart for the missions. His literary tastes won for him the position as associate editor on the COLLEGIAN Staff. At the same time he was a star tennis player and finally manager in '31. On the basketball floor, "Abie" will be remembered as the man of impossible shots. Racine should be proud of such a noble son.

Cletus G. Bihn "Uncle" Medina, Ohio

Hobby: Pestering "Enoch."

"Uncle" is different,—one might say even original. Although he was not captivated by sports, yet his free time was not spent in idleness, since he is devoted to music. He has held a choice berth in the orchestra for a number of years, playing the bass fiddle. He is also a student organist, and well can he tinkle the piano keys. Due to his colossal size, "Uncle" boasts of a long term in the butcher shop, where he attacks the unresisting carcass with a graceful cleaver. Added to this, "Uncle" has been at the head of banquet committees for four years. Cletus Bihn hails from Medina, the birthplace of mighty beans! Attaboy, more luck and power to you.

Ralph A. Bihn "Hercules" Burkettsville, Ohio

Hobby: Breaking ax handles

To the fellows at Collegeville, Ralph Bihn is known as "Hercules" due to his well built physique. Ralph may well be proud of his muscles, however, for he is every inch a man, not only in regard to physical strength, but likewise in his association with his fellow students. For everyone, young or old, Ralph always has a pleasant smile and hearty greeting. Ralph's activities have been many and varied. He has always been an active member of all the societies and clubs at St. Joseph's; he likewise proved himself an able

member of the COLLEGIAN Staff. In athletics, however, particularly in crashing the football line, he has shown himself supremely capable. Besides brawn, "Here" also has brains. In scholastic endeavors, he is known as a "plugger"—a student who progresses by hard study.

Edmund L. Binsfeld **"Bugs"** **Detroit, Michigan**
Hobby: Communing with nature.

"Bugs" is a shining star in the dramatic sky. As a member both of the Newman Club and C. L. S., he has carried many and difficult roles. He took part in "Adam's Apple," "Putting It Over," "Take My Advice," "The Morning After," "A Victim of The Seal" and many others, with an eminent termination as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." Although he offered much of his time to these clubs, he always managed to take part in class activities. For the D. M. U. he served two years as a member of the Peptomist Committee. He was the successful Exchange Editor of the COLLEGIAN. "Bugs" will always be remembered as the man who had no fears for the footlights, and who knew his dramatics.

Francis A. Bishop **"Gus"** **New Washington, Ohio**
Hobby: Playing the cowboy.

"Gus" is a big man,— bodily and mentally. "Gus" has always shown a remarkable ability in sports. Although he never played basketball, he has nevertheless shown his colors in football and baseball. In football, besides carrying the responsibility of captain in '31, he has distinguished himself to such a degree that he was named an all-star linesman. "Gus" also has a knack for catching flies for the '31 baseball squad. Besides sports and class activities, "Gus" is a veteran member of the Newman Club and C. L. S. In the Raleigh Club, he will long be thought of as the holder of the championship cup for Bridge.

Ralph W. Boker **"Shorty"** **Cleveland, Ohio**
Hobby: Competing with the Dunes Art Studio.

Small but mighty, Ralph has been most active in all the fields of endeavor here at St. Joseph's. As critic and president of the Newman Club he proved that he could guide as well as direct in the field of dramatic art; and showed us his dramatic ability in "Putting It Over." As a Columbian, he took part in the "Time of His Life" and "The Victim of the Seal." "Shorty" was also athletic-minded. He was Ac basketball manager in '26-'27 and football manager in '28-'29. He capably filled the office of marshal and president of the Raleigh Smoking Club '26-31. At one time his services were also directed to the Choir and Glee Club. He was also a member of the D. M. U.

Henry J. Bucher "Butch" Dayton, Ohio

Hobby: Fallin' all over himself.

Five years ago a little lad arrived at St. Joseph's with big things in view. As "Butch" grew his "Big Things" also grew. Anyone who saw him running down the gridiron like a mad lion—and usually putting the ball across—or sinking a basket on the basketball floor, would soon understand that "Butch" could do things. And then he pops up in two major C. L. S. productions for which he had laid the foundation in the Newman Club. As a strong bass in the College Choir and a prominent violinist in the orchestra he has proved himself a worthy addition to the music department. With a smile for everyone, and an ambition to step into the boots of Art Kassel or Wayne King—either one would do—"Butch" typifies the old song to perfection—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Thomas A. Clayton "Tom" Dayton, Ohio

Hobby: Always a few minutes late.

Dayton lost a good man, and the class of '31 got a break when "Tom" made St. Joseph's his residence in the fall of '28. That "Tom" is skilled in the art of writing is exemplified from the fact that he was a member of the COLLEGIAN staff for two years: Associate editor in '29-'30 and Assistant Sports Editor in '30-'31. Every society at St. Joe has the name of Thomas Clayton on its honor roll, notable among these are: the Newman Club, '28-'29; the C. L. S., '29-'31; and the D. M. U. Besides smaller offices, "Tom" has held the office of critic in the C. L. S. during the second term of the past school year. "Tom's" ability as an actor was portrayed in two plays: "Adam's Apple" and "Substitute Halfback." Mr. Clayton was a member of the orchestra '28-'31. Three years of Senior league football; one year of Ac basketball; three years of service in the Turner Hall; likewise three years of tennis—is "Tom's" sport record. Stellar in studies, society activities and sports!

Leonard J. A. Cross "Puff" River Forest, Illinois

Hobby: Playing tennis.

This is Len Cross, the secretary of the class of '31, being introduced by his "Boswell." St. Joe students have witnessed many activities with Cross at their head. The Newmanites chose him to serve on the Executive Committee. After his advance to the C. L. S., "Puff" became vice-president, and later the president of the organization. His dramatic abilities were successfully displayed in three major plays of the C. L. S., as well as the one major production of the Class of '31 on 'Senior Night.' Len's participation as a member of the Mission Society, the Raleigh Smoking Club, and the COLLEGIAN staff speaks well for his time being correctly utilized. His mental abilities are attested by the fact that he took the Fifth Classical Medal. Besides

all this, Len holds a top place in sports. He was Captain of the football and basketball teams. He also has a record as a baseball player. Twice he was acclaimed tennis champ. "Puff" has a remarkable record to be placed in the annals of St. Joseph's history.

Boniface R. Dreiling "Bonny" Victoria, Kansas
Hobby: Punting the pigskin.

Basketball, baseball, football and tennis are enough to keep one man on the hop; but not so with "Bonny." This smiling son of Kansas used athletics in their proper places,—as a means to an end,—for health and happiness, and the welfare of his class. To say that "Bonny" is just a "Jack-of-all-trades" would be stating the matters unjustly. He is an athlete of whom any college can be proud, a student who could astound even the pessimistic with his scholarly handling of the Latin, Greek, and English classics; a leader who can command as well as obey, as can be shown by his record as treasurer of the C. L. S., and as manager of the '31 basketball and baseball teams. He was a valuable asset for the baseball and basketball varsity teams. In basketball "Bonny" can drop a basket any time, in baseball he can hold any pitcher, and in football,—try to stop him. What more could any one man do?

Louis J. Duray "Kamm" Whiting, Indiana
Hobby: Playing Art Shires II.

"Kamm" sure knew and played his baseball. In six short years he won athletic honors of which any one man can justly boast. Starting out as captain of a Junior team, he won the pennant and made the All-Star. Since then he has been making Senior baseball history as manager in '27 and '30. Captain in '29 and a member of the varsity in '29, '30 and '31. "Kamm" however, did not confine himself to one sport. In basketball he won his letter with the Senior team, and in football he has been a backfield man ever since he trained as All-Star quarterback in the Juniors. Lou also dabbled in dramatics as a member of the Newman and Columbian Literary Societies. Even though his time was pressing when he managed the College Press Shoppe, he found time to devote his services to the D. M. U. and Raleigh Smoking Club.

James L. Elliott. "Jim" Crawfordsville, Indiana
Hobby: Cracking jokes.

It was in the year 1925 that Jim selected St. Joseph's as his abode for the next six years. Even as a youngster, Jim was always ready with a joke and a smile. Because of this latter quality, "Big Jim" received the position of Humor Editor of the COLLEGIAN. Besides being a member of the Newman Club, C. L. S. and Raleigh Smoking Club, "Jim recorded the minutes of the D. M. U. during '30-'31. His good fellowship won for him the position of class president

In '29. If anyone would state that "Jim" could at one time sing, he would be laughed out of existence, but the records have it that "Jim" belonged to the Junior Choir in the days of yore. When sport archives are perused, we find that "Jim" was not only a football player and an enthusiastic baseball fan, but also a man who could play "stellar basketball and tennis in spite of his extra avoirdupois."

Joseph F. Gibson. **"Joe"** Kokomo, Indiana

Hobby: Making noise.

Joe entered from St. Patrick's High School, Kokomo, Indiana, in the fall of '26. Football, basketball, baseball and tennis found him a ready enthusiast. That he played with interest and skill is evident from the fact that he was twice chosen all-star forward in basketball; twice he held the tennis championship. Joe, in short, is a multi-lettered man. He was also an active member of the D. M. U., serving one year as treasurer; and a member of the Raleigh Club. As a member of the Newman Club, he held the office of critic for one term, and served on the Auditing Committee in the C. L. S. His dramatic abilities were amply displayed in the numerous plays in which he took part; "Adam's Apple," "Mystery Man," "Robert Martin," "A Victim of the Seal," and "Senior Night." A true sense of humor and fellowship, won for Joe the esteem of his fellow students.

Virgil E. Graber. **"Doc"** Defiance, Ohio

Hobby: Acting desperate.

It would seem that a six year course of studies at St. Joseph's would give a man a good start in politics. At least one example in support of this theory is to be found in "Doc" who, after a full six years at St. Joseph's could be a Congressman with all the requirements for such an office. Perhaps he attained this ability as a member of the Newman Club, C. L. S., or D. M. U., but it is just as probable, if not more so, that he acquired it at the Raleigh Smoking Club. It was brought to good use, however, when, in the final semester of his last year, "Doc" fulfilled the duties of a manager of the local "College Sweet Shoppe." One of his many hobbies during his course was "to pull fast ones." Good luck to you, "Doc," and may your future be as rosy as the lining of an Indiana sunset.

Lawrence T. Grothouse. **"Rut"** Whiting, Indiana

Hobby: Arguing at the table.

Presto! Winner of the Conroy Oratory Medal. In the fall of '28, a young man, individualized chiefly by a voluminous head of dark curls, which added a few inches to his not too impressive height, arrived at St. Joseph's College, and joined the Class of '31. Probably an early start in dramatics resulted in the fact that today, "Rut" has few equals in the dramatic and oratorical fields here at College. The C. L. S.

flourished under his leadership, as president, during the first semester of the past year. A few of the many dramatic presentations in which he carried prominent roles are: "The Mystery Man," "Take My Advice," "A Victim of the Seal" and "Putting It Over." The crowning point of his dramatic career was his portrayal of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Larry was also a member of the Raleigh Club and Newman Club. In basketball he played for amusement—the amusement of others; and is a wizard at playing cards. His pleasing, and attractive personality will long be remembered!

Lawrence J. Growney. **"Larry"** St. Joseph, Missouri
Hobby: Playing the clinging vine.

"Larry" came to the Hoosier St. Joe from the St. Joe of that woolly section of the country. He has always demonstrated his well-founded claim to the title of "good guy" by taking part, either by actual participation or at least by his whole hearted support, in all the activities sponsored by the class. He loyally supported the class teams in every line of sport and at times exhibited his own athletic abilities, notably in Junior basketball and baseball. In the latter sport, he actually managed to hold the reins of manager for a whole season. The literary clubs were also listed in his world of interests, and the fact that he could cake a pipe justified his payment of dues in the Raleigh Club. The success of the '30-'31 COLLEGIAN may be partly attributed to his literary contributions. "Larry's" greatest contribution to Collegeville, lies in the fact that he is one of those rare characters who can count everyone as his friend.

Joseph J. Herod. **"Joe"** East Chicago, Illinois
Hobby: Writing local dialogues.

Wanted—A man one can trust. This want ad—Joe could carry into any place of business and take the job without any arguments. For this quality he was entrusted with the treasury of the Newman Club and of the C. L. S. While only a pinch hitter in the D. M. U. and Raleigh Smoking Club, Joe played as a regular in all major sports; his shifty footwork on the gridiron and on the hardwood proving a valuable asset. His admirable coolness and dependability won for him the managership of the '31 football team and an enviable position on the Varsity baseball team in '27, '28 '29 and '30. Having a practical and theoretical knowledge of athletics in general, Joe could fill the shoes of any sport writer, as is evident from his work as Sports Editor of the COLLEGIAN.

Ralph C. Hoffman **"Huffy"** Hartford City, Indiana
Hobby: Onions.

"Huffy" took his high school course at Roll High in Roll, Indiana, and was graduated in 1928. Basketball con-

stituted his favorite sport. He was an active member of the Newman Club, C. L. S., D. M. U., and Raleigh Smoking Club. His first appearance in the limelights was on "Senior Night." In "Huffy" could be found an outstanding example of a loyal supporter of all student activities.

Urban A. Hoorman. "Urb" St. Mary's, Ohio

Hobby: Writing three-act plays.

Maintaining the spirit of a true Buckeye, Urban's achievements have in no small degree been the nucleus of the high reputation of his class. The vim, vigor and vitality which he has demonstrated in all his endeavors, are held in admiration by his many friends. His hard work in the literary field was rewarded when he received the position of associate editor of the COLLEGIAN. He was financial arbiter of the C. L. S. and fulfilled executive duties for the D. M. U. His negro characterization of Uncle Tom in "The Time of His Life" will be remembered.

Alvin J. Jasinski. "Jazz" Michigan City, Indiana

Hobby: Selling bum candy.

Alvin Jasinski, alias "Jazz", the man with the pepsodent smile has also added his share in making history round about St. Joe for the last six years. "Jazz" went out for every class team and whether he made it or not, he still wore the smile. Very seldom though, if ever, did he fail to make either the Seniors or the Acs. For this perseverance perhaps, the class selected him as its secretary at one time. According to reports Al was quite a society man with 100 per cent attendance for the D. M. U., the Newman Club, and C. L. S. The Raleigh Club treasury counted him as a faithful dues-payer. During the last half of '31, "Jazz" was manager of the local Candy Trust. This in itself is quite an honor. It is claimed that Al got the mumps just to avoid making ice cream sandwiches with a pair of tweezers.

Rouleau F. Joubert "Frenchy" McAllen, Texas

Hobby: Going to town on business (?).

Of a far from retiring disposition, this handsome young man, joined the Class of '31 in the second year of its existence. So rapidly did he advance, that the following year found him at the head of the class. In the Newman Club a unanimous vote placed him in the president's chair of that society. During the following year '29-'30, he served on the Executive Committee of the C. L. S., and was later elected critic and vice-president. Judging by his appearance in major productions of the C. L. S., "Frenchy" can justly be placed among the upper four-hundred in the St. Joe dramatic world. Besides carrying important roles in "Take My Advice," "Adam's Apple," Senior Night, and "A Victim of The Seal," he climaxed his footlight work by taking the part of Gratiano in the "Merchant of Venice." His vocal qual-

ties came to good use when he won second place in the Oratory contest. To relieve the burdens of his position as Business Manager of the COLLEGIAN, "Frenchy" also had his finger in sports. A lover of the walk, of the outdoor life, and of the business world,—that's "Frenchy", class president during the fifth year.

Mark E. Kelly **"Kelly"** **Crawfordsville, Indiana**
Hobby: Falling out with "Abie."

Mark Kelly, a name synonymous with good fellowship. Mark is a versatile young fellow, which fact is proved by his ability as a student, athlete, actor and business man. He took a personal interest in the D. M. U., Newman Club and C. L. S. Mark's ability as an actor was amply shown by the roles he had taken in major productions of the Newman Club and C. L. S. In dramatics he has a record anyone can truly be proud of. He had the role of Salarino in "The Merchant of Venice." He has the distinction of being the only graduate who was on the staff of "THE CHEER," a former publication of the college. As the partner of Bert Shenk in the College Candy Trust, his personality and salesmanship drew large crowds. The Class of '31 can be proud to count a man like Mark among its members.

Cletus G. Kern **"C. G."** **Defiance, Ohio**
Hobby: Selling the place.

Folks, behold the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of the COLLEGIAN for '30-'31! Meriting this position from work during the year preceding on the Library Notes department, he has, to say the least, most capably fulfilled it. "C. G." was not only literarily-inclined but also athletic-minded, as is shown by annual activity in sports. Since his entry in '27 he has participated in most of the campus games: playing end in football; being Ac basketball manager and captain in '28 and '29 respectively; and baseball captain in '27. Clete was secretary of the Newman Club in '28; Librarian of the D. M. U. in '27; a member of the Raleigh Club; and active in the Columbian Literary Society as proved by his role in "Tatters," "A Victim of The Seal," and playing the part of the constable on Seniors' Night in "It Won't Be Long Now." When better editorials are needed, "C. G." will furnish them—pronto!

Frank G. Kienly **"Frank"** **Logansport, Indiana**
Hobby: "On the sidewalks of Collegeville."

It was way back in the fall of '25 that St. Joseph's first sheltered this blonde youth from the banks of the Wabash. Even then his winning personality was cropping out for as a Midget League Basketball manager, he led his team to the pennant. Whenever the word basketball is mentioned the memory of Frank's deeds comes to the fore. For three years he was a star end on the Senior football team and his

success at coaching the class of '33 is well known. He was a heavy-hitting first baseman and manager of the Acs. In the classroom Frank's forte was mathematics. No problem or formula could daunt him. Frank also has held the office of vice-president in the Newman Club and the D. M. U. In the field of dramatics, he proved his worth by his sterling performance in "Copy" and "Putting It Over." As an officer of the Raleigh Club in the past year, he has earned the sobriquet of "King of the Annex." Logansport can well be proud of her illustrious son!

Anthony G. Kraff **"Tony"** **St. Joseph, Missouri**

Hobby: To second the motion in C. L. S.

Although "Tony's" general makeup does not belie his actions, yet for such a "petit enfant," his has been a busy life at college. Since his arrival at Collegeville, he has taken an active part in the various sports. His presence in the choir could ill be spared while both the college band and orchestra claimed him as a member. His interest in the missions led him to join the D. M. U., and as an inveterate smoker, he could not refrain from paying dues in the Raleigh Club. "Tony" made his debut before the footlights of the college auditorium in the Newman Club play "Putting It Over." As a member of the C. L. S. he displayed further dramatic ability as the peanut vendor in "Robert Martin." "Tony" will long be remembered as the artistic piccolo player.

Chester B. Kruczak **"Ches"** **Cleveland, Ohio**

Hobby: Having a "ripping" time.

"Ches" is a musician. As a cornetist he has taken an active part in productions of the band and orchestra for several years. His literary talent and social activities have been somewhat connected as is shown by two facts, namely, that he carried off the honors in the D. M. U. short-story contest in '30 and also that he was Society Editor of the COLLEGIAN in '30-'31. The D. M. U. however, was not his only social field, since he was also a member in the Raleigh Smoking Club, the Newman Club, and the C. L. S. He played the roles of cheerleader in "Robert Martin" and of Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice." Let these few words suffice to illustrate shining lights in the school-life of a worthy son of his Alma Mater.

Henry J. Langhals **"Heinie"** **Kalida, Ohio**

Hobby: To hit, run, and then laugh.

Always a genial smile for everybody, never lacking in support for his class. "Heinie" has been a truly loyal class-fellow. Success marks the years of his scholarly progress by consistent plugging in the face of many disappointing moments. A hard worker in studies, he has been equally zealous in bringing victory to his class teams on the field

of sports. Especially on the gridiron and ball diamond, has he displayed hard, and clean sportsmanship. As a member of the senior football team, his position at tackle recalls to mind many spectacular lunges that halted several opponents' line backs. Social activities in the Newman Club, Raleigh Club, and the C. L. S. are brought to a close with many a fond recollection of good fellowship and loyalty to all his friends. An outstanding fault of "Heinie" is the fact that on Senior Night when he played first violin for the '31 Symphony Orchestra he forgot to move his fingers!

Paul F. McGaharan **"Mac"** **Cecil, Ohio**
Hobby: Making drafts.

Lest there remain anyone so void of knowledge of his fellow-student, be it hereby stated that a draftsman, who is otherwise known as "Mac" is a graduate of the class of '31 Yea! His was the hand that planned the class pennant—a masterpiece. He is also a classy third baseman of the Lindstrom type and cracks the ball with a mean wallop. "Mac" managed the Acs in '28, captained the '29 team to the first pennant of the class of '31, and brought in the pennant winning run in '30. The Newman Club, C. L. S., Raleigh Club, and D. M. U. all found an enthusiastic member in "Mac." "Mac", however, shall be remembered with these words: "A friend in need, yes, a friend indeed!"

James C. Maloney **"Jim"** **Louisville, Kentucky**
Hobby: Patronizing the candy store.

This "six foot two, eyes of blue" member of the Class of '31 hails from Louisville, Blue Grass State. "Jim" started his career way back in '25 when as a High School Freshman, he took his place in Brother William's study hall. Since then, he has always held a high scholastic standing. Few could equal "Jim" for all-around sports. In baseball, football, and basketball, to say nothing of tennis, he was all there. He made all-star football in his fifth year, and was selected all-star basketball player in his fourth and fifth years. "Jim" also tooted a wicked saxophone which he has held in servitude in the college band and orchestra for five years. To the delight and hearty applause of his audience, he has appeared in various programs as "sax" soloist. His excellent bass voice secured for him a prominent position in the college choir. In the different societies at St. Joe, "Jim" figured very eminently. His membership in the D. M. U. covers a period of six years. He served as treasurer of the Newman Club, and on the Executive Committee of the C. L. S. He has appeared in various public programs and crowned his dramatic career with the part of the Duke of Venice in "The Merchant of Venice." "Jim" will be remembered as the Rockne of the '31 basketball team.

Andrew C. Mathieu "Zukie" Fort Wayne, Indiana
Hobby: Coaching the Seconds.

"Zukie," a native son of the Hoosier State, has shown his fellow-collegians that something good can come out of Indiana after all. He has proved himself a pal in every emergency and a real power in all-around athletics. He displayed stellar sportsmanship especially in basketball where his flashy floorwork thrilled many an audience. His playing was a great factor in bringing home the pennant for the class in '31, and he was rewarded by being chosen all-star. Besides this, "Zukie" knew his football and baseball backwards and forwards. Here's luck to you, "Zukie"—none of it bad—and may your "regular guy" habits win for you, every place you go, as many friends as it has at St. Joseph's.

Francis J. Mooney "Frank" Chicago, Illinois
Hobby: Interpreting the rubrics.

When one happens upon the Porter's Scene in Macbeth, one cannot help associate this extract with the lad who hails from the Windy City. Though Mooney's dramatic abilities were rewarded by important roles in "Robert Martin," "The Valiant," and "In This Sign," yet it did not reach its zenith till Frank played the part of Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice." Mooney was likewise a man of social affairs as is evident from his membership in the D. M. U. and C. L. S. Frank has always been a firm believer in the old Latin proverb: "Mens sana in corpore sano;" hence his abilities were restricted not merely to the classroom and stage. He occupied a berth on the Senior basketball team, and was a valuable asset on the Ac baseball team. Last but not least, in his extensive knowledge of the rubrics, Mooney has won for himself the title of "Student Master of Ceremonies."

Richard C. Mueller "Dick" Delphos, Ohio
Hobby: Keeping the night watches.

"Dick" is a tall, handsome, man with a cool, "Man of the World" attitude. Although he has spent only the last two years with the class, yet in this time he has earned for himself a warm place in the affections of his classmates and gained no small amount of popularity. As a member of the C. L. S., he has amply demonstrated his dramatic abilities in his interpretation of "The Valiant," a public performance of this society. He was likewise a member of the Raleigh Club—what a card shark!—and of the D. M. U. In athletics "Dick" was a member of that famous basketball team known as the "Seniors." In short, "Dick," with his attractive features, good manners, and readiness for jokes, has done more than his share to make his two years at college worth while and enjoyable not only for himself but for his fellow-collegians as well!

Joseph J. Pastorek "Pasty" Curtice, Ohio

Hobby: Reading books and writing essays.

Joseph J. Pastorek, commonly known as "Pasty", hails from Curtice, Ohio, that little town which seems to have been pasted on to Toledo. Synonymous with his nickname, Joe has adhered himself to the usual activities common to most St. Joe students: Newman Club, C. L. S., D. M. U., and Raleigh Smoking Club. He was of particular service to the College Band in '28, '29, '30, and was a member of the choir in '28 and '29. Aside from supporting the class in all its activities, Joe spent much of his time in reading and writing essays and stories for the COLLEGIAN. All the vicarious experiences he has gained from this past-time should serve him in good stead after his graduation. "Pasty" was Balthasar in the graduation play, the "Merchant of Venice."

Paul J. Popham "Pop" Cloverport, Kentucky

Hobby: Reading old books.

From the sunny hills of Kentucky to the equally sunny climate of Indiana came "Pop." The sun has never failed him either, for all his greetings are done with a smile. "Pop" has been a valuable asset to the class in the field of sports, particularly in football and basketball. His unusual wit and humor characterizes his dramatic efforts. "Pop's" hobby, reading, has proved to be very interesting to his listeners and readers. He is an original and interesting orator. Always on hand at the appointed time, and always on time, marks his work in the various societies to which he belonged. Loyalty and unfaltering class spirit crowned his every effort toward the class of '31. Yes, "Pop," we are proud to have you with us, and here's wishing you more success in your chosen hobby!

Bernard J. Rachel "Ben" Mansfield, Ohio

Hobby: Listening to Wayne King.

The name Bernard Rachel represents a Senior who is handsome to walk with and serious to talk with. Colloquially sometimes he is referred to as "Big Ben." This appellation was given to him after his name had been associated with the "Big Ben Alarm Clock." He is such a regular fellow, —especially in his habits. Having a good disposition and pleasing personality, "Ben" has among the students, all friends and no enemies. Four years ago when he gave up his athletic career to listen to the radio and smoke his pipe in the Raleigh Club, the class lost one of its most promising athletes. Toward the end of his college days, however, he began to realize his mistake and developed into a Turner Hall man; but swimming is still his best summer sport. The fact that "Ben" made his debut as an actor in the "Valiant" shows that he did not confine his social activities

to the Raleigh Club alone, for he was also a member of the Newman Club and C. L. S.

Leonard J. Rancilio "Bananas" Detroit, Michigan

Hobby: To live the life of a poet.

Entering the class of '31 at the opening of the last school year, "Bananas" immediately became quite intimately acquainted with the rules and many of the customs prevalent at St. Joseph's. Coming from Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, where he had spent the first five years of his preparatory course, he at once gained the favor and friendship of the entire class by his eagerness to take part in all of the class activities. As an active member of the C. L. S., the D. M. U., and the Raleigh Club, an opportunity was given him to display his dramatic abilities in the "Hypnotist" and "The Other Wise Man." His achievements in the literary field have already been recognized, and it is hoped that some day his name will be found among the leading literati of the land!

Thomas H. Rieman "Tom" Glandorf, Ohio

Hobby: Philosophizing on life.

"Tom"? Uh-huh! Pest? Uh-huh! "Tom" is a splendid example of the old adage: "Little but 'Mitie'." As a scholar he ranks high among his fellow-collegians, and partly because of his ability and partly because of his personality, it was he who filled the literary duties of the Alumni Editor of the COLLEGIAN for '30-'31, and of the secretary of the C. L. S. during the second term of the same year. As "Sir Boss" of the paint gang at St. Joe, his fame has been noised abroad. He was a member of the Senior League basketball champs during the reign of old '31, and did fairly well at baseball, football, and tennis. A member of the C. L. S., Newman Club, D. M. U., and Raleigh Club, he was also accepted in another social gathering—the S. F. MOB. These, however, are but the highlights of "Tom's" career at St. Joseph's. Success and good wishes to you in all your future undertakings! The Class Salutatorian!

Edward W. Roswog "Rosie" Kokomo, Indiana

Hobby: Studying Chemistry.

Upon entering St. Joe in the fall of '28, "Rosie" immediately made many friends. As an active social man, he was a representative voter in the C. L. S., Raleigh Club, and D. M. U. In the Newman Club he held the honorable position of marshal. On account of his dramatic abilities he was chosen as a member of the cast of "The Valiant" and of "The Merchant of Venice." Although "Rosie" played minor basketball during his last year, he found tennis to be his favorite sport. He was in the tennis tournaments of '29 and '30. His task on Senior Night was to toot his sax; this he did excellently. "Rosie" shall be remembered by us as "Un ami de tout le monde."

Charles P. Sanger "Chucky" Norwalk, Ohio

Hobby: To be like Rudy Vallee.

"Little but loud" in a figurative sense, fittingly describes "Chucky." Unexcelled as an Academic pitcher for the Sixths, he "bagged" two Ac pennants. As a fast basketball guard he earned his letter with the Senior basketball team of '31. For smoking a well-caked pipe within the walls of the Raleigh Smoking Club with artistic proficiency, he stands unexcelled. Probably it was that "certain something in his eyes"—perhaps the hard cider—that made him the hit of the evening in "Robert Martin"; the whole town talked about him as "Jessica" in "The Merchant of Venice." An all-around favorite, that's "Chucky."

Joseph P. Shaw "Doc" Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan

Hobby: Perambulating.

During his five years here, "Doc" has participated in Ac and Senior sports and nearly every college activity. He was manager and captain of the Junior basketball team and also of the '30 Ac baseball team. "Doc" was likewise, a valuable asset to his football team and was chosen all-star end in '30. He served on the auditing committee for the D. M. U. and C. L. S. In the latter society he took part in many public performances: among them "A Victim of The Seal" and "The Merchant of Venice." Part of his time was also spent in the service of the Newman Club and Raleigh Smoking Club. Since Joe's coming to St. Joseph's, he has worked hard and leaves a brilliant class record, as is attested by his winning of the class medal in '29. His favorite pastime, aside from doing his share of the talking has been his desire of satiating his peripatetic inclinations. "O. K."

Joseph A. Sheeran "Pap" Hardinsburg, Kentucky

Hobby: Coaching Midget teams.

To be in trim for every basketball and baseball season and to know the rules that govern these respective games with hardly any deliberation when asked by a green freshie, one must naturally be athletic-minded. Last basketball season witnessed "Pap's" successful management of the class basketball team to the championship. But to gain such distinction as to be the "ump" in the first baseball game of the season when it takes a lot of shrewd tact to cater to the yelling grandstand is indeed no small triumph. Joe has been locally recognized as a first rate baseball player and authority on the ins and outs of the mighty game of baseball. With equal interest "Pap" filled his social positions, serving as a member of the executive committee and secretary of the Newman Club and C. L. S.; and likewise an officer of the Raleigh Club. As assistant Editor, much of his time was devoted to the COLLEGIAN. "Pap" wielded

a mean tennis racket as is shown by the fact that he and his partner won the class doubles in '27 and '28 and the High School doubles in '28.

Bertrand L. Shenk "Bert" Delphos, Ohio

Hobby: Passing out smiles.

Bert, following in the footsteps of his big brother Joe, came to St. Joseph's in the fall of '28 and lost no time becoming an active member of the class. By his ability along various lines, he proved himself a good student, musician, and business man. He was an active member of the Newman Club, Raleigh Club, D. M. U., and C. L. S. As a member of the COLLEGIAN staff, "Bert" did his share as an associate editor. Being a good violin player of no little merit, he belonged to the orchestra. "Bert" was a lover of tennis and basketball. Because of his business-like ways, he was entrusted with the management of the College Sweet Shoppe the first half of last year. By his unassuming manner and willingness to please, "Bert" drew many customers. "Service with a smile" seems to have been the cause of his successful college career. The part of old Gobbo in the "Merchant of Venice" was carried by "Bert" on commencement eve.

John T. Spalding "Talbot" Lebanon, Kentucky

Hobby: Being the first and last to speak.

Little did the class of '31 dream during the summer of '29 that upon returning to their Alma Mater, they would find such a man as John in their midst. John, who completed his high school course at St. Mary's, Kansas, has shown the good old world what a Kentuckian really can do. In two short years at St. Joseph's he has risen high in the field of dramatics. The crowning point of his work here was his impersonation of Father Remillard in "A Victim of the Seal" and of Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice." Besides filling the duties of the editor of the Music Department for the COLLEGIAN, John won the Alumni Essay Medal in '30. As an accomplished organist and piano player, his fame has spread far and wide. His social activities were also directed to the D. M. U., for which society he served as chairman of the executive committee. Aside from his scholarly accomplishments, John has always taken an active interest not only in the Raleigh Club where he was a strong advocate of Bridge, but also in class affairs. As a result, the job of tennis manager was placed upon him by the class. In short, "Talbot" has a record that anyone could proudly "write home about." Our Valedictorian!

Louis F. Stock "Lindy" Kansas City, Missouri

Hobby: To indulge in German.

What a man! The patriarch of the class of '31! As a sincere, studious and likeable chap, "Lindy" has ever been esteemed by his fellow classmates. What a boost for good old Missouri! Socially, "Lindy" was very active: he was a

member of the D. M. U. in which organization he held the office of marshal during '30-'31, a member of the Raleigh Club, Newman Club, and C. L. S. In a major production of the latter society—"A Victim of the Seal," "Lindy" played the French soldier to perfection; he also appeared in the class play, "It Won't Be Long Now." Besides being a good prefect and student, he was likewise a good athlete. He played guard on the Senior football team in '27-'28. From '27-'31 he was on the Ac basketball team. Captain of the Senior baseball team in '29-'30 and at the same time the star veteran hurler for the team. What more can one expect from Kansas City?

Joseph F. Szaniszlo **"Enoch"** **Toledo, Ohio**
Hobby: Pesterling "Uncle" Bihm.

Who is "Enoch?" What an absurd question! He is Joseph Szaniszlo who is known on the campus as the man who will always hand out a warm, sympathetic smile irrespective of what the weather conditions are. No gathering ever proved dead when "Enoch" was present. He has personality and energy in excess. In sports Joe was essentially a man of the gridiron. He has a record of being on the Senior football team for five years straight. Aside from football, though, "Enoch" could handle a tennis racket well enough to compete with any other tennis player at St. Joe. His social activities included his presence in all the societies at college. In the dramatic clubs he participated in many public performances, notably in "Putting It Over," "A Victim of the Seal" and "The Merchant of Venice." On Senior Night, "Enoch" was the Cat's Me-ow! The last school year found him as chairman of the Peptomist committee in the D. M. U. Not only a cheery member of the Raleigh Club, but also an enthusiastic supporter of the class, he was one of the reasons why class banquets were always a success.

Bela J. Szemetko **"Bill"** **Toledo, Ohio**
Hobby: Earning the epithet "Brother Kingfish."

As the curtain rose on the night of Dec. 21, 1930, all Collegeville was breathlessly awaiting the surprise in store for them. And what a surprise! The spotlight was first focused on the leader "Bill" Szemetko who by his untiring effort and ability, made Senior Night the success that it was. This however is only one of "Bill's" achievements. St. Joe will longer remember him in his first dramatic success, "Putting It Over," in which he had the leading role. Then followed a dramatic career, which was long and indeed enviable, and which was climaxed by a very realistic interpretation of Eugene Losere in "The Victim of The Seal," and of Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice." "Bill's" social success is attested by the fact that he served as president of the D. M. U. in '29-'30. Besides this, earlier in his course at St. Joe, he served on various committees in that unit and while President he was chosen "Paladin Leader," a rare dis-

tinction, in the C. S. M. C. In the C. L. S. it was again "Bill's" influence as chairman of the executive committee that made the programs of that society varied and interesting.

His scholarly aptitudes are indeed above the average. A glance at St. Joe's honor roll covering a period of five years will prove that. One might think and rightly so, that a student who has given so much attention to social and scholarly activities, besides being Local editor of the COLLEGIAN and stage manager would have little time for athletics—"Bill" is an exception. Under his management, the football team of the class of '31 ended a season last year without a defeat. "Bill" is held to be one of the greatest tackles St. Joe has had since the days of the Varsity. Then came baseball! For one full season, he was hailed as St. Joe's "Home Run King."

Throughout his entire course, the leadership which has characterized all his activities was indeed outstanding. It is for this reason that The Graduating Class of '31 chose him as their chairman. And he has been a dauntless and fearless leader indeed. We are proud of him!

Stephen A. Tatar "Ole Man" Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Hobby: Defending his natural color.

Here is a likeable fellow who has shown his versatile talent by his many activities in upholding the honor of the class. Always mindful of his scholarship, he has also been one of the mainstays in athletics. He demonstrated his leadership as manager of the football team in '28 and '30; as its captain in '26 and as manager of the basketball team in '28. He knows also how to be led and has participated for five-years in the inter-class struggle for the Senior League supremacy in football, baseball and basketball. As a member of the C. L. S., Newman Club, and D. M. U., he has taken part in the "Spirit of the River," "Putting It Over," "In This Sign," "Captain Van der Hum" and "Copy." He was also a member of the Raleigh Club. A fellow of such sterling qualities is an asset to any class or in any field of endeavor.

Anthony H. Vorst "Rip" Kalida, Ohio

Hobby: Raising "Bananas."

Among those of the class of '31 who tower above the six-foot mark is "Rip"—that curly-headed, broad-shouldered lad who hails from Kalida. Besides participating in the activities of various organizations, he has played basketball and baseball on various Junior and Ac teams and has represented the class in tennis and football. The latter sport, however, was "Rip's" big game. Anyone who doubts

the truth of the statement that "Rip" was one of the hardest tackling guards in the college, might seek reliable proof from his opponents who have felt the impact of his shoulders. In the Newman Club, C. L. S., and especially in the Raleigh Club, "Rip" by no means held a back seat. He made his appearances in the limelight on Senior night and in the "Valiant." A man who could find ample time to tend to his social, athletic, and scholastic affairs, and still find time to play with "Bananas,"—in brief, sums up the more important days of "Rip."

Karl A. Wuest "Oscar Pletzenbaum" Cincinnati, Ohio

Hobby: Reading botanical literature.

It may be of interest to state that Karl, alias "Ted", alias "Oscar Pletzenbaum," received the nickname which he now bears, during the declining days of his Senior Year. His appearance on Senior night as "Constable Pletzenbaum" was the direct cause of his new baptismal name. His closing days were likewise marked by an intense interest in biology, dendrology, and astronomy. While all these branches were just on the side, he did not in any way neglect his societies or sports. The Newman Club of '28-29 found him in its midst; in the C. L. S. he served as marshal for one term and appeared in "A Victim of The Seal." His interest in the missions was manifest from his long attendance of the D. M. U. After holding the presidency of the "Junior Halers" for a brief period of time, "Oscar" stepped into the ranks of the followers of Sir Walter Raleigh. No doubt the choir owes part of its success to the "Basso Profundo" of this young man. In the field of athletics, "Oscar" figured prominently on the gridiron, with that "Oosterbaan" sprint, on the basketball floor, with his sure shot, and on the diamond with that wicked pill which he hurled for the Senior baseball team. It takes a man like "Oscar" to do all these things and succeed!

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes
And pleasant scents the noses.

—N. P. Willis.

FAREWELL!

Farewell, my friend, farewell,
Our ways must part today,
For we must leave the paths behind
And join the rushing throng.
Farewell, my friend, farewell,
Our heavy hearts repeat,
For we must leave our ancient joys
And join the rushing throng.

But though our hearts be sad,
We may exult to know,
Our thoughts will linger still
When time has passed away,
For we shall see on memory's screen
The joys we had in olden days.

Matthew Lange '32

GRADUATION EVE

Night. And the June moon rides high in the skies.
Night. And twinkling stars appear, heaven's eyes.
Warm June night. Night pulsating with romance.
Tall trees this sweet nocturne would feign enhance.
The curving lake adds background to the scene,
While chapel towers in the moonlight gleam.

O sweet June night, thy beauties cumulate!
For tomorrow we leave; we graduate.
We must bid farewell to our college years.
O night! Let thy darkness hide these tears.
We must part? Must we then leave all these friends?
Say, can this be the way our story ends?
No! Always shall we remember this night,
And thee, Saint Joseph's, our boyhood's delight.

Warren C. Abrahamson '31



(What the Past Year Has Produced)

Since the final issue of the Collegian goes to press at an early date, it finds the players of the fourteen local baseball teams with gleaming faces looking for victory that is still high away in the air; hence it will be impossible for us to say anything complimentary about our baseball champs and to mention stellar players by name.

For this reason, in the present and last issue for '30 to '31 of the Collegian, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to reflections on what the past year has produced in the line of sports. It really so happens, and it is not surprising either, that whenever football and basketball games of the past school year receive notice, superlative terms are always in evidence in such notice. The same is to be said of baseball, and that for the very good reason that in all these sports the players offered many thrills and much delightful entertainment. Real co-operation among the different teams, and genuine sportsmanship among the players combined to make these contests just what they were, namely, occasions of good cheer. It may well be said that a brand of competition was always noticeable in all the games which blended perfectly with the excellent quality of skill and stellar work manifested by the players.

As we look back over the history of sports in St. Joseph's College and note the reputation which this institution has built up in this field of amusement, we are prompted to say that when athletic events of the past year are compared with similar events of other years, they will be found to come

up to the best that have taken place locally, especially when there is reference to thrills and entertainment.

Victory and defeat, happiness and dejection, encouragement and discouragement, one and all showed up in proper order to make sports really what they should be—life and action blended into one. For this reason it is often said that sports are the means for obliterating grumpiness among students, and in consequence should play no small part in student life. Holding this fact in mind, we say with pride that our school offers splendid opportunities for sports, and, considering its size, we may say that no other school offers more such opportunities.

St. Joseph's College is fortunate in having as its athletic director, Father Theodore Koenn, C.P.P.S., a director who is always ready to put forth his best efforts by way of securing for the students the greatest possible advantages that sports can offer. With every care, he picks his assistants in all the various sports that obtain at this place. Students who are chosen for the position of managers are those who manifest ability for that kind of work, and who recommend themselves as being able and willing to face responsibility. The many duties assigned to the senior, junior, and tennis managers are commonly unknown to the students in general; hence they often fail to recognize the necessity of having in these positions persons who understand the games and know how to direct them systematically.

It is the success of our local sports during the past year that reflects credit upon the managers; and that they, one and all, deserve credit may be said without exaggeration. With an expression of esteem for Father Koenn, and for his managers: Gilbert Wirtz, Leon Ritter, and William Coleman, the Sport Editor of the Collegian closes his report for the present school year.

Humor by *Cephalopod*



Editor: Why, my dear man, this confounded stuff is not poetry. It's just an escape of gas.

Phillips: Ah, something wrong with the meter.

The president of the local gas company was making a stirring address. "Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

And a customer immediately shouted; "Oh, what a charge they made!"

Abrahamson: Have you read "Kenilworth?"

Lammers: Naw, I hate dog stories.

"I got my education at St. Joe."

"Sue 'em, brother, sue 'em."

Guest: There's a fly in my ice cream.

Waiter: Let 'im freeze, and teach 'im a lesson. The little devil was in the soup last night.

"Foiled," yelled the man as he unwrapped a piece of candy.

"Old-stuff," said the red-nosed man as he swallowed the likker.

"It is very hard to drive a bargain," said the fellow who had bought an old Ford for ten dollars.

Prof.: Who was Cicero?

Lenk: Mutt's boy.

"Has your son you sent away to college got his degree yet?"

"I should say so. Why he wrote last week that the president had called him in and given him the third degree. That boy's ambitious!"

Sheeran: That fellow over there swears terribly, doesn't he?

Kienly: Yeah. No expression at all.

Encyclopedia Collegevillea

Rhubarb: Celery gone bloodshot.

Dry dock: A physician who won't give a prescription.

Teacher: Now, children, who can tell me how much two pence is worth in American money?

Ikey Jr.: Vell, teacher, you can get a good pair for t'ree dollars at my fadder's.

"No, I don't want to buy that horse. He looks as though he had a mean temper."

"Mean nothin', boss. He just got that from runnin' in sulky races."

First Bird: Don't you know better than to sit on this chimney? You're getting all dirty.

Second Bird: Soots me, all right.

Shopper: But can this fur coat be worn in the rain without damaging it?

Cohen: Lady, I should ask you—did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?

"Something I ate, no doubt," murmured the circus fire-eater as he suffered a touch of heartburn.

Boy: Our house is on fire.

Fireman: Did you put water on it?

Boy: Yes, sir.

Fireman: Sorry! That's all we can do.

"Children," said the Sunday school superintendent, "this picture illustrates today's lesson; Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters with his wife just behind them, and there is Sodom in the background. Now, has any boy or girl a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate of the infant class, "where ith the flea?"

"Mother, how do you spell 'cocoon'?"

"Don't stutter, Johnny, say colored man."

Jones (on boat): They're weighing the anchor.

Smith: Ain't the customs regulations awful?

"He died a funny death."

"How is that?"

"He took too much laughing gas."

"This means a good deal to me," said the poker player as he stacked the cards.

"I'll write finis to this chapter," said the T. N. T. under the frat house.

Prof: Caesar pitched his camp across the river.

Bubbles: Gee, he musta been strong.

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